

Film Fun

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of Fun, Judge's
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Own Book Combined

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NOVEMBER

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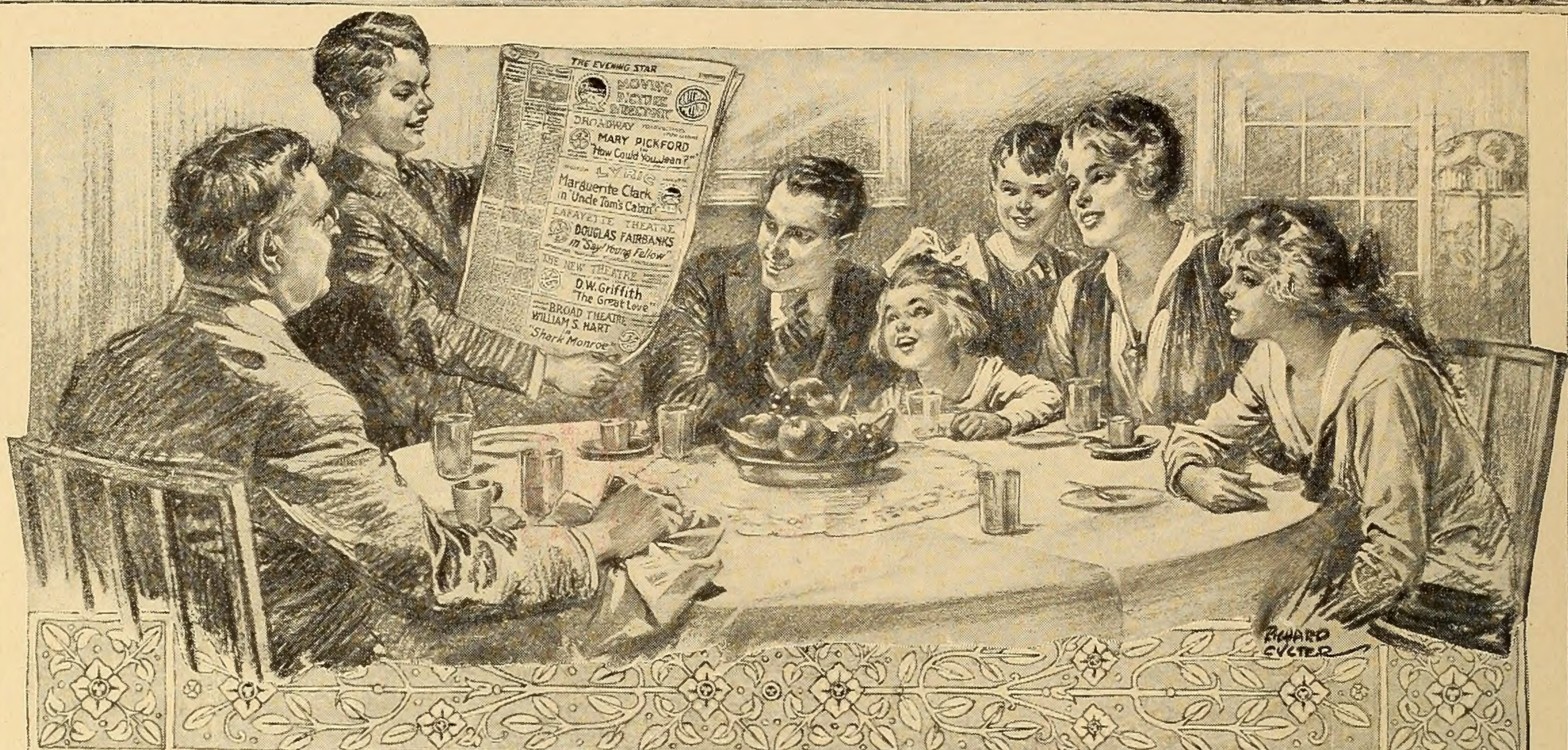
A Monthly Reel
of Laughs



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"THEY WON'T LET ME BE A DRILL SERGEANT"





"What do we see tonight?"

ALL right, pile in! Plenty of room for five in the good old bus, so pile in, all seven of you! What do we see tonight? We don't know yet. But the best theatres in town are showing Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures.

★ ★ ★

And after ten minutes or so you are still John H. Everyman of No. 19 Henry Street, in the same suit of clothes,—

—only you don't know it.

According to your friends and relatives, there you are in your chair. But as far as you yourself are concerned, you are somebody else entirely; and somewhere else altogether. One minute you are helping the unfortunate comedian run a little faster, and the next you are slamming the door in his face.

You, and at your time of life!

Full-grown and sophisticated and everything—and look at you!

Yes, and you can be envied! You have proved that you are not so fire-proof blasé as you might be.

Unconsciously you have proved another thing, too; the vital *difference* between *Paramount* and *Artcraft* motion pictures and run-of-the-ruck "movies."

If you recall *which* motion pictures were notable in the stories they were built upon, masterly in the way the scenes were built on those stories, supreme in the fame and talent of the stars who played them and in the genius of the directors who staged them, and clean throughout—you will also recall that "Paramount" and "Artcraft" were the names under which they were featured.

★ ★ ★

That is why you tell yourself your two hours have been well worth while, as you pack all seven of them back into the machine. Let 'em jabber, back there in the tonneau! It's a good old world!

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

Three Ways to Know how to be sure of seeing Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

one —by seeing these trade - marks or names in the advertisements of your local theatres.

two —by seeing these trade - marks or names on the front of the theatre or in the lobby.

three —by seeing these trade - marks or names flashed on the screen inside the theatre.



FAMOUS PLAYERS - LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE Director General
NEW YORK



"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"



GOLDWYN
Geraldine Farrar is hostess, and among her guests are Director Reginald Barker, Milton Sills, leading man, and Thomas Santchi, the villain. Cody, Wyo., is even hotter than New York in summer, but the company made the trip to film certain scenes in "The Hell Cat," and evidently they enjoyed it.

Film Fun

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

*An Independent Illustrated Monthly Magazine
Devoted to the Best Interests of All
Motion Picture Art and Artists*

NOVEMBER-1918

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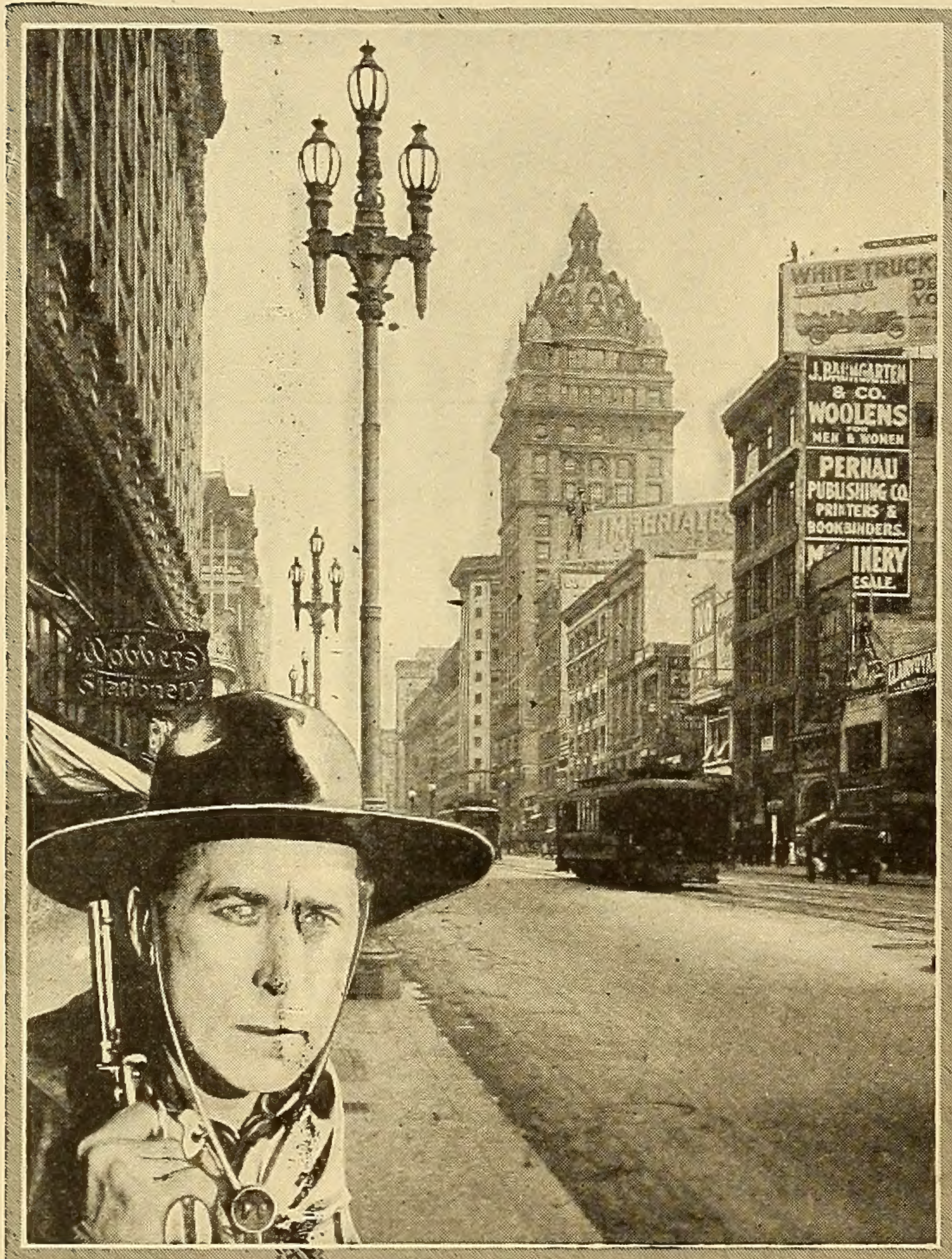
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Where and What is the West, Anyway?

The Eastern man's idea of the West is becoming more and more confused, and for that the movies are responsible. Just as enterprising Chambers of Commerce or Boards of Trade were assuring him that the Woolly West and Wild was a thing of the past, existing only in dime novels, perfectly reputable movie stars be-

gan to show him a West that was Wilder and Woollier than anything the dime novels had ever pictured. The accompanying views represent the Easterner's state of mind with regard to that mysterious region, the West. It is a sort of fifty-fifty split between civilization and Dead-Man's Gulch.



The rough frontier town of San Francisco. Bill Hart, notorious Western bad man, taking a constitutional.

Every-day street scene in the wilds of Denver. Nate Salisbury, leading western man-about-town.



View of Tacoma, on the lawless outskirts of civilization. Roy Stewart about to lasso a Maverick trolley car.

EDITORIAL

No Plots and Few Plotters

ANOTHER prophecy has been fulfilled: a dearth of scenarios is hampering the motion picture industry very seriously. The matter is very well worth careful consideration by all who aspire some time to write the great play. Fame and fortune await the writer who will submit acceptable ideas for photoplays. Technical experts will make them over into scenario form.

Authors manifest no desire to come to the rescue, although diligent effort is made to enlist their co-operation. One reason for this is that they cannot be persuaded that the practice of pirating stories and ideas, which prevailed formerly in many studios, and the fifty dollars a reel or even less, which was grudgingly paid, are things of the past. Then, too, the majority of them are prejudiced against pictures, which isn't altogether surprising when one considers the liberties taken with a story in adapting it to the screen.

The demand for plots must be supplied. There are upward of seventeen thousand picture houses throughout the country, and any number of vaudeville houses use films in their programs. Audiences have come to regard pictures as much of a necessity as daily bread or a place to sleep.

There never has been, and may never be again, the wealth of material, developed by war conditions, which is now available. The veneer of civilization has been scraped. Men and women live and work and fight as their natures dictate, and the simple truth about things as they are can be made into a masterpiece by anyone of vision. Producers are willing to pay what they have to in order to get good plays. One thousand for a plot and ten thousand for screen rights to a "best seller" or a stage success are prevailing rates just now.

The right solution, which must prevail eventually, is payment for scenarios on a royalty basis, such as publishers and authors find satisfactory. Who will be first among producers to invite photoplaywrights and authors to submit scenarios under such an arrangement? FILM FUN will be glad to publish his name and the success of his experiment. That is fair, and will win.

Revelations

ONE of the interesting phases for the moment in this great enterprise is the universal recognition of the fact that all is not well with pictures.

The reasons ascribed and the remedies suggested are numerous and various. We are told that by revealing too much of the technical side of picture making and telling the truth about the idols, so that they are made to seem just ordinary human beings, we writing folks have stripped pictures of the glamour and romance which the average motion picture fan requires. They tell us that this is to blame a good deal more than war economies and advanced charges for admission for existing conditions.

If you want to find out how far from the fact that is, go with any fan you like to a Chaplin first night, or a "Hearts of the World" thousandth night, for that matter. There is no magic make-believe about the way Chaplin works up a surprise climax to each of his scenes, and nothing that may not be revealed in Griffith's heart appeal. It is all open and aboveboard. The secret which few of us grasp is this: that both these directors have sincerity and a fine understanding of human nature. They aim at the heart, rather than the head, and so they get us. The insistent demand for the product of each of these master-craftsmen begins to wane whenever this appeal is lacking.

They've both had ups and downs, and they would testify, from their own experience, that financial success is greatest where it is given least consideration. The box office can be relied on for a just verdict.

Lasting popularity in pictures depends primarily on just that one thing—sincerity. When we get this in the story, the direction, the action and the technique of production, a screen classic necessarily results. Every time this happens, it calls forth a new demonstration of an old truth—that you can't keep the people away from where they want to go.

A recent report of the National Board of Review discloses that 1,010 feature films were passed with their approval. The screen classics that deserve to endure can be counted on the fingers of one hand.



MOVING PICTURE OF A SNORE

"Animated Nature," which might have come from the Educational Film Co., but didn't.

Flash Backs

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

A picture has just been completed in which the leader, "That Night," does NOT appear. We didn't think it possible!

Roscoe Arbuckle says he finds film life no bed of roses. 'Tis well. Considering "Fatty's" heft, it would be mighty rough on the roses.

What's your favorite color? Charlie Chaplin has two—the green-and-yellow tint of the leaves of the Mazuma bush. Ours is Pearl White.

Billy West has written a waltz! Wouldn't that strangle your baby grand? Can it be the title is "I Use Ev'rything of Chaplin's But His Brain"?

News dispatches from an upstate town tell of two boys who rifled the safe in a motion picture theater. There are all sorts of ways to "break into the movies."

Theda Bara has colored blood in her veins. Hey! hold on! We mean BLUE blood! Yessir, she is a descendant of an Egyptian queen, and she won't be a bit mad if you ask her about it.

A descendant of George Washington's secured a position in the publicity department of a film company. He lasted two minutes. "Truth is mighty"—out of place in a publicity department.

Some recent punk scenarios seem to have been written around the gowns of the leading lady. A poet once sang: "The beautiful things are the things we do; they are never the things we wear!"

A recent Dorothy Dalton picture features a fox hunt and a Georgia camp meeting as they used to have them long ago. Did she have to go "way down South" on location for those scenes? Well, California's prohibition now, you know.

Winifred Westover, arriving back in Santa Barbara after her work with William Russell in the new play, has bought a new home and a new car. Wherefore we think that "All the World to Nothing" must be a pretty safe bet—for Miss Westover, anyhow.

Al Ray had one exceptionally busy week, wherein he robbed a bank, lost \$300 playing poker, and, in fact, he acted like he didn't care a thing about what the censors would do to "Somewhere in Kansas" when that film tries to show in the Sunflower State.

Some actresses break into the pictures, and some just fall in, but Carmel Myers is the only one on record who chewed her way in. It was her cute cuddling of her cud of gum in her first picture, "The Heiress of Coffee Dan's," that interested the directors and boosted her to stardom.

Bessie Barriscale is bothered. She likes to give the reply courteous to all of the many letters she receives from admirers. Recently one came from far-away Japan, saying: "I would appreciate highly a photograph of your latest condition." What to do?

In "Friend Husband" Director Badger, we are told, had to have the music of several 'cellos to compel the frog to croak, as the scenario required. No Hooverizing to be noticed about this, but probably they've added a trained frog to the studio pets, and the pay-roll, for future requirements.

Word comes from the West Coast studios that "Pepper," the famous Paramount-Mack Sennett cat so popular in comedies in which Louise Fazenda appears, has abandoned her stage career, having recently become the mother of six "pepperettes."

Everybody knows the California average per year of sunny days is 312. Also that it never rains during the dry season. Wherefore the night scene in a rainstorm called for in the script of "The Gray Parasol" required mighty striving by a large force from Triangle's technical department. The results were so good they evidently peeved old Pluvius, for a few hours after everybody had gone home, drenched but happy, a real deluge descended on Culver City and vicinity. And Director Windom is claiming now that he is the real, sure-enough rain maker.

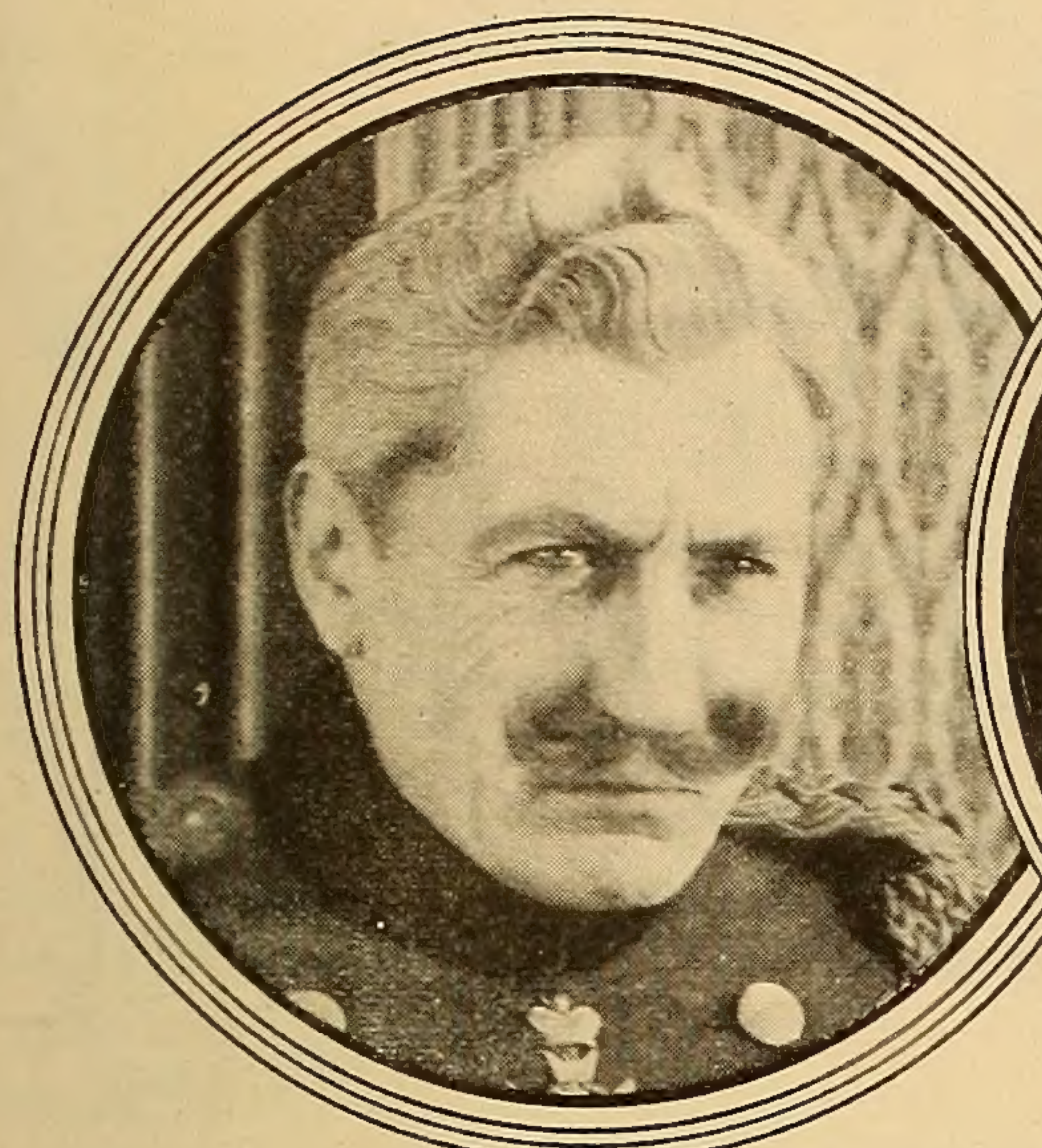


VILLAGE

"Hedda Nova, in 'By the World Forgot.'"
Let's hope the line's an error, due to haste.
If it be true, we venture on the spot
To say the world displays the worst of taste.

The Six Bravest Men in the Movies

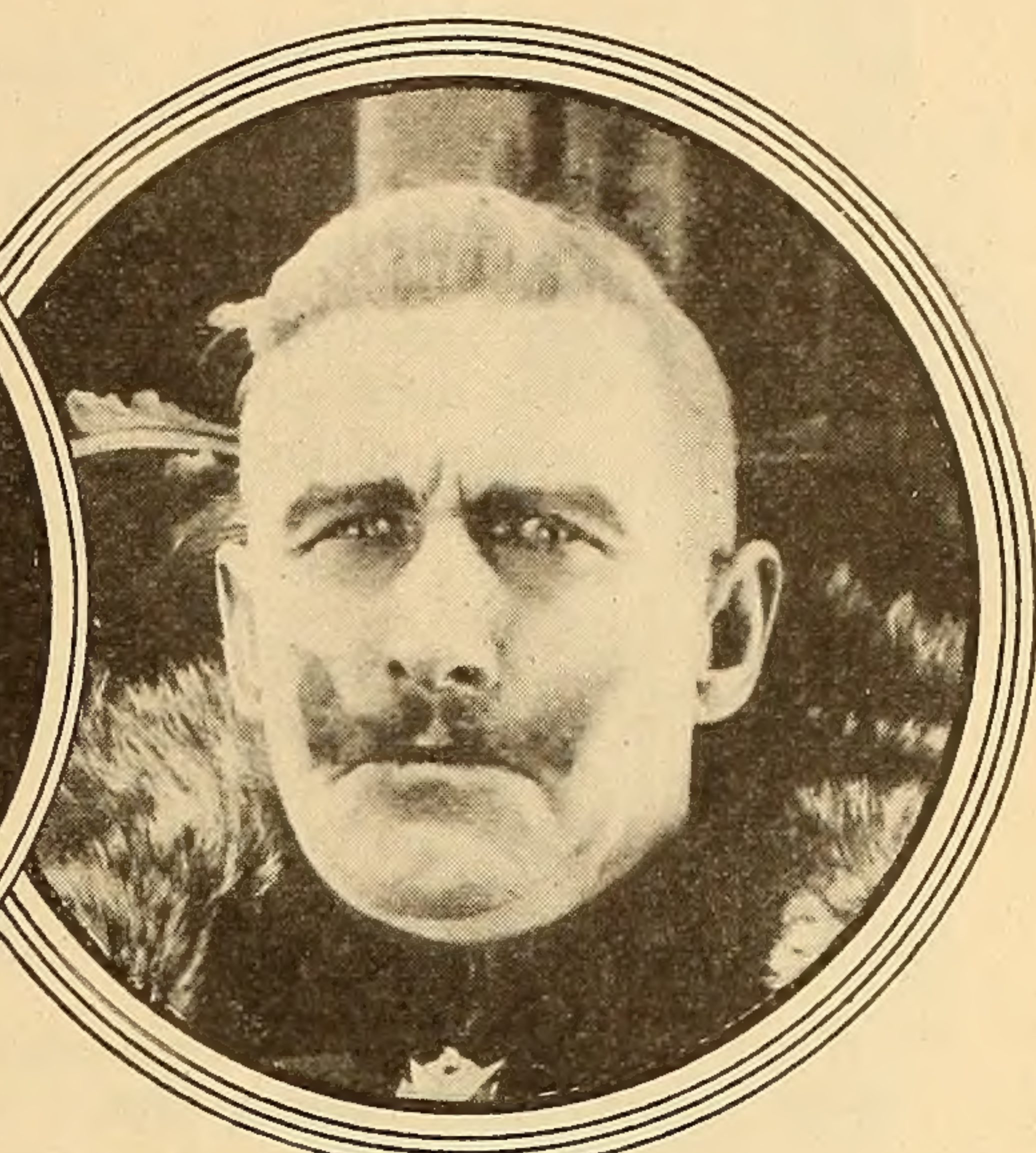
They Dare Face America in the Make-up of the Kaiser



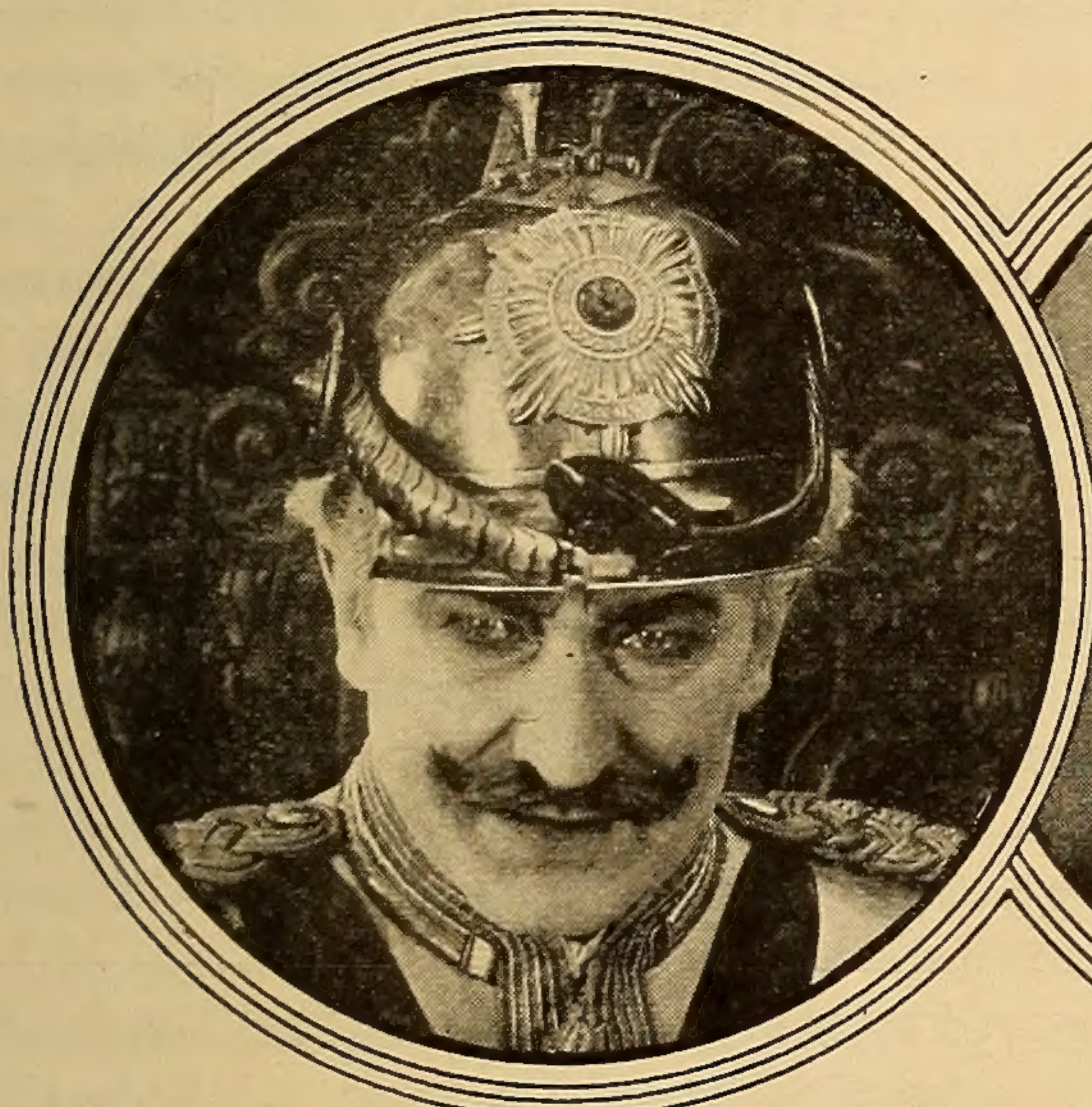
It's a wise Crown Prince who would know his own father from Lawrence Grant in "To Hell with the Kaiser."



John Sainpolis in "The Biggest Game Ever Played." A faithful replica of the Kaiser's "I-can-see-what-is-coming-to-me" look.



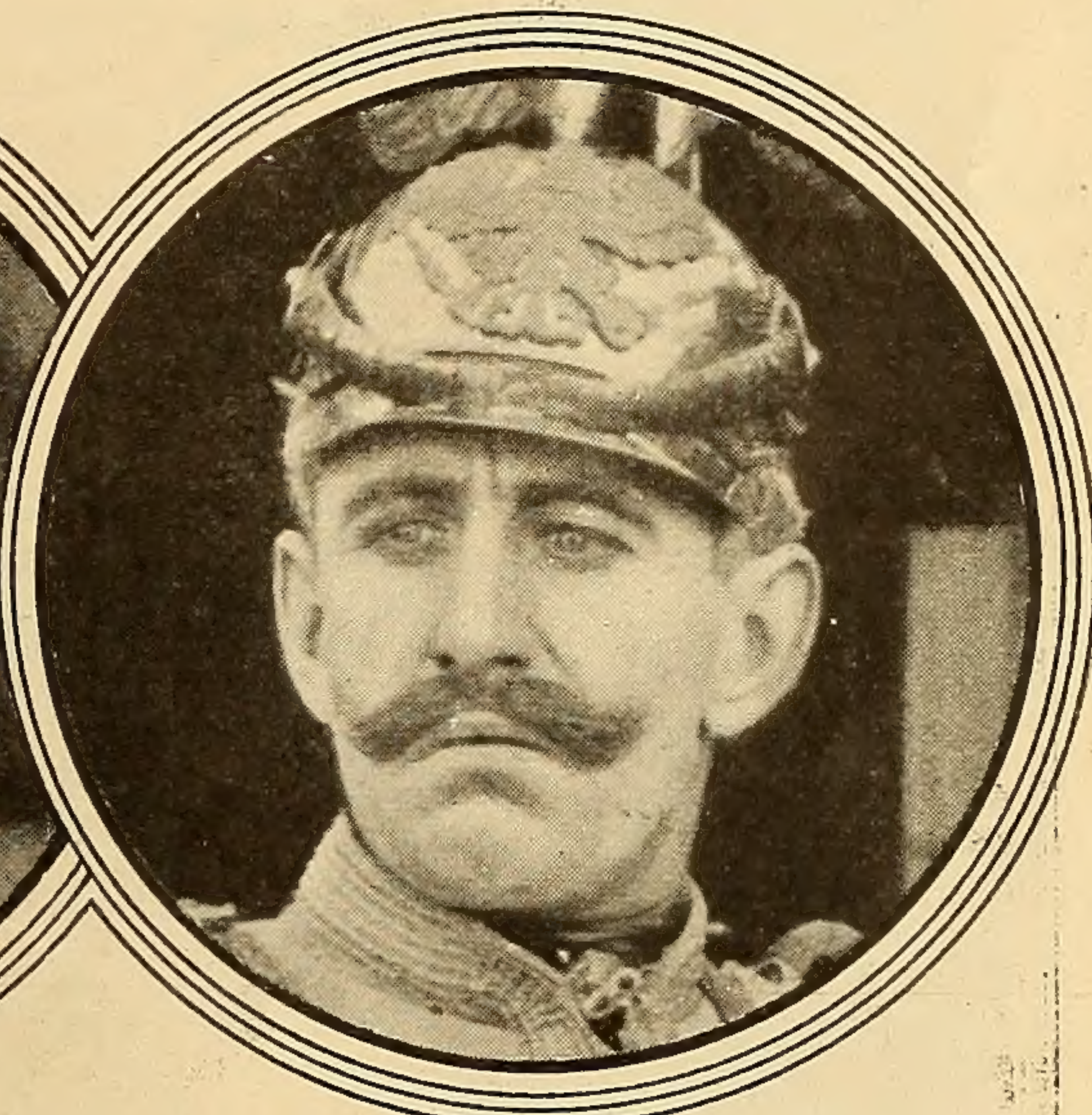
Rupert Julian steels himself to receive 100,000,000 American hisses nightly as the beast in "The Beast of Berlin."



William — not Wilhelm — Burress as the Kaiser in "Kultur." He is having a struggle not to look pleasant.



Something very choice in Frightfulness. Walter M. Lawrence's interpretation of "The Prussian Cur."



When it comes to the "Me undt Gott" look, you must hand it to Ray Hanford in "The Geezer of Berlin."

The Child in Back of You

"BUT, mamma, why does the man wear earrings? And why does he walk that way?"

(Reply inaudible.)

"But why didn't he stab the lady when he had her alone in the cellar? Didn't you think he was going to?"

(Reply indistinct.)

"Well, who are the men in the automobile? And why is the cowboy chasing them?"

(Reply gaining strength.)

"Is the cowboy a robber, mamma? Why don't they tie him to a tree, like they did in the pictures last week? Why don't they, mamma?"

(Reply whispered, but vigorous.)

"Is there a choo-choo car in this picture, mamma? I like choo-choo pictures."

(Reply short and snappy.)

"Why isn't there, mamma?"

(Reply brief and unsatisfactory.)

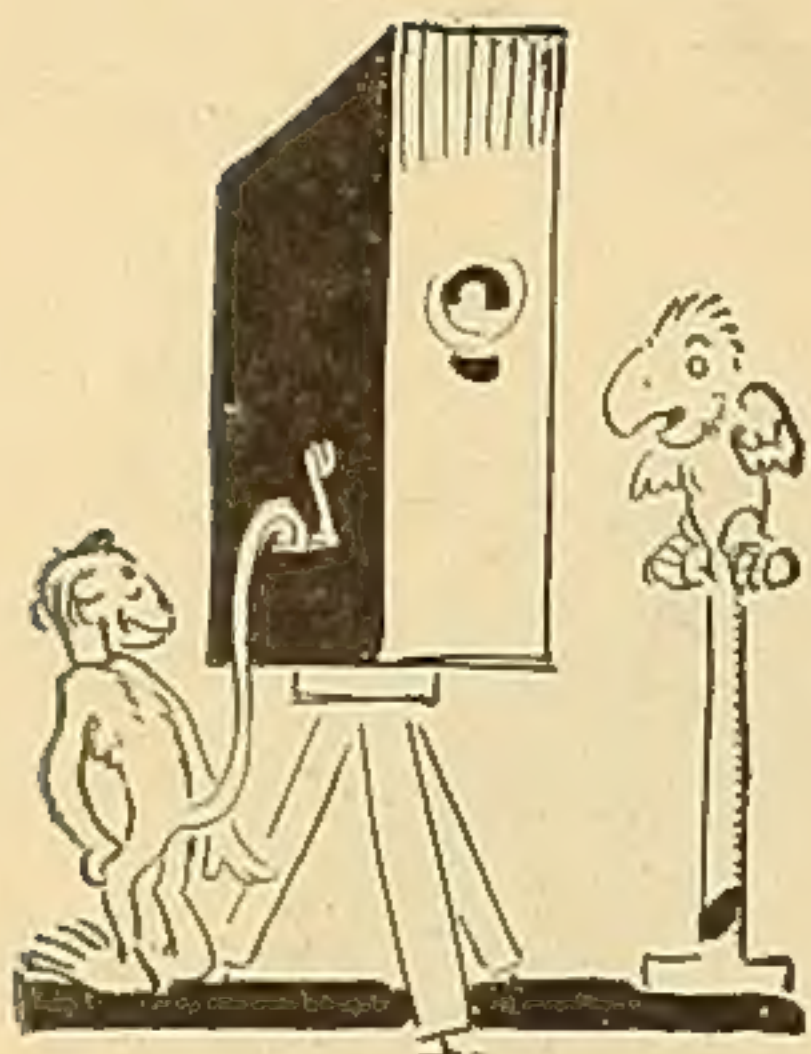
"Yes, they could, mamma. They could tie him to the track and let the— O-o-o-o-o-o, mamma, look! What made the automobile turn upside down in the water?"

(Reply evasive and inclined to be sketchy.)

"But, mamma, where is the lady in the old mill? Did

(Continued on page 32)

The Tortured Soul



A WOMAN clad in scant array
Peered out in the dusky night,
With eyes that glowed like burning coals
And a face that was ghastly white.

She stumbled down the rocky road

To a cliff o'erlooking the sea,
And gazing long in the swirling depths,
She laughed in mirthless glee.

"Oh, false and empty world!" she cried.

"Where in thy boundless part
Can I find rest for my tortured soul—
Peace for my broken heart?"

She clasped her hands and muttered a prayer
And raised her eyes to the sky,
Then tottered over the crumbling edge
With a wild, nerve-racking sigh.

The director raised his megaphone,

A scowl upon his brow:

"Lizzie, take that leap again!
You're as awkward as a cow!"

—Bernadine Hilty.

The Movie

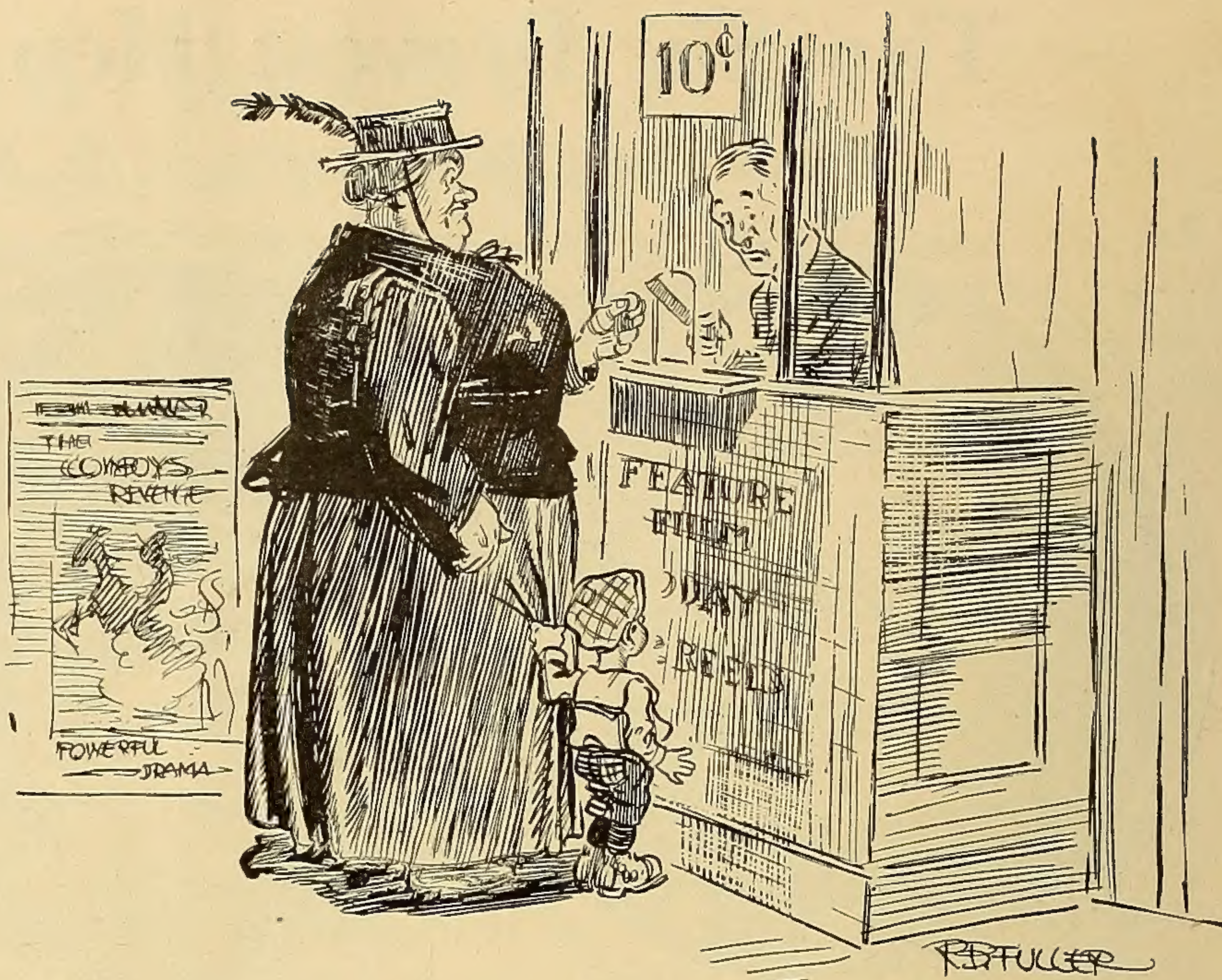
Talk about the simple life! That's what it is. We eat and sleep and go to the movies. Sometimes we do a little work, but not too much. It is much easier to watch it in the pictures, and it comes to the same thing. Somebody is working there, and hard, too.



METRO

WE WONDER IF IT IS

It looks like a wedding; May Allison as the parson.



A NATURAL QUERY

Woman—Two seats, please.

Ticket seller—Yes'm. But how about the boy?

The move of the movie is right stimulating. It is so full of inspiration that we almost fool ourselves into believing we were there. That race, that fight, that game, that burglary—why, you have to rub your eyes to wake up; and who wants to wake up?

At last the proper massage has been found for human eyes, brains and nerves. The treatment has come to stay, and we expect to observe during the next decade a race of progressives alive to the greatest possible range of endeavor, from the most natural to the most extraordinary. It is to be remarked that some of us are likely to forget how the application of this treatment is through the optic nerve. The sense of sight is all that is necessary for the reception of that which the movie has to offer. Of course we know that we really see not with our eyes, but with our brain, but that is quite another story.

We are captured by the spectacle of swift activity, and we are almost intoxicated before we know it. This is, however, nothing more than normal interest, and it persists while time and leisure hold out. When there is just about the right admixture of drama, realism, catastrophe and love's young dream, who shall say that time and leisure count at all?

It takes no wide excursion of the imagination nor of the calm judgment to outline what are possibilities of the movie not yet achieved. Some day there will be the proper lapse in motility now and then while the story is telling. This will mark a refreshing improvement on the swift and tumultuous speed of the present. The rather monotonous technique of the movie is bound to give way in future to a charm hitherto unsuspected.

Educational

Go to the movies while ye may;
There's time enough for sighing.
See there the newest gown display
And the latest mode of flying.

Why Is Charlie Chaplin?

By EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER



and the Bamboo Cane, and, once inside, our grouchy molar would either laugh itself into temporary good humor or die of exhaustion trying to keep our mind on it.

However, if you happened to be analytical—and the condition of Friend Molar might induce one to be so—you might ask yourself why is Charlie Chaplin, why the mustache and the bamboo cane, why the derby hat and the turned-up-and-out toes?

Several millions of Chaplin fans can tell you why Charlie is the grouch beguiler of the age, but only one person can tell you how he came into his world-famous equipment for popularity—and that is Charlie himself. To get a line on this mystery which has been overlooked by both press and press agent, I journeyed out to his studio in Hollywood, which is guarded by suspicious gate keepers, austere managers and unimaginative publicity persons, who are determined to substitute their own views in lieu of those of the star—this being a general failing.

When I finally reached Charlie, who was standing by the swimming pool in the middle of the inclosed lot, he eyed me at first as if he might jump in. He was afraid I was going to interview him, and such a procedure is a Chaplin horror. One may talk with him, chat with him, joke with him; but to begin at No. 1 in the list of stock questions, such as how he likes California and what is his favorite flower, is to see the million-dollar feet disappearing in the distance, accompanied by a badly scared young man.

So we just talked; and when he found I wasn't dangerous and didn't carry concealed weapons, such as notebooks and pencils, we talked even more. He is a most attractive young fellow minus the mustache and overgrown shoes, and his toes do not turn up at the edges. He is quiet, even a little shy, and occasionally displays two rows of perfect teeth in a frank and friendly smile. One cannot write a funny story about him, because off the screen he is not

funny. He seems continually surprised that he has such a vogue, and asks with a deprecating accent, "Did you *really* like the picture?"

We talked of the famous make-up, and when I asked him how that particular combination came about, he looked slightly distressed.

"Really—I—well—I don't think I quite know." He hesitated. "It just appealed to me as being sort of funny. You know, before I went into pictures, I was in vaudeville in a sketch called 'A Night in an English Music Hall,' and I played the part of a drunk. I had to tumble over myself and everything in the scene. So, to be as awkward as possible, I wore shoes too large for me and pants several miles too big. The hat and the cane seemed to go naturally with the make-up, and I've used the whole thing with very slight variations ever since."

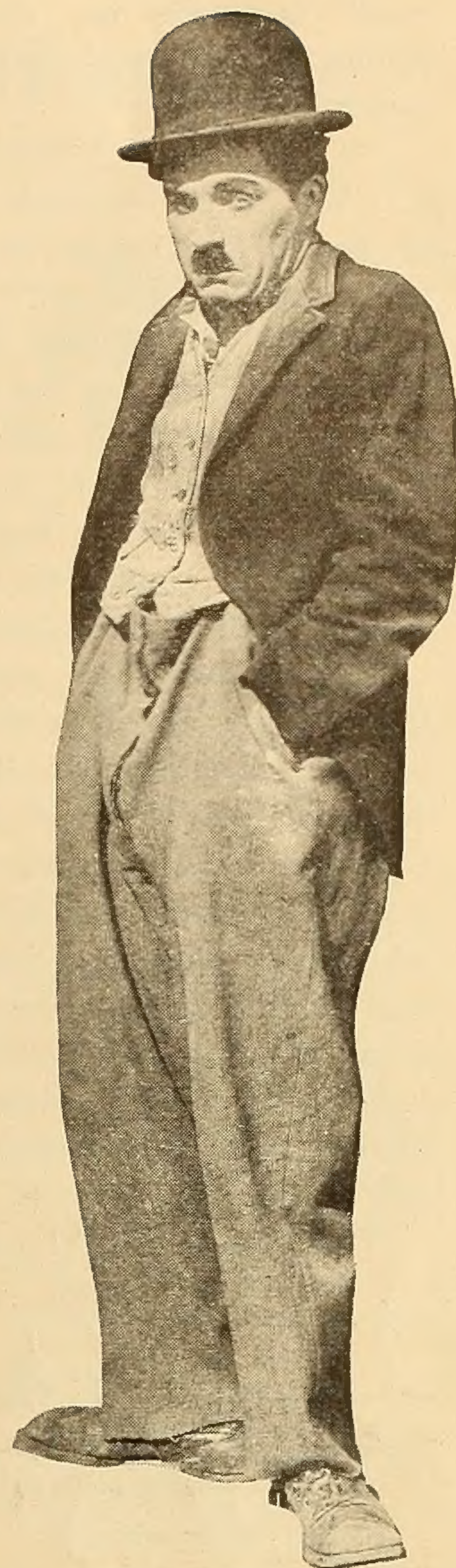
"But why a little mustache instead of a big one?" I wanted to know. The famous Chaplin smile was almost answer enough.

"Why, one can't show any expression if the mouth is hidden by a big mustache. Do you think so?"

And gazing on those two perfect rows, I most emphatically didn't think so.

"And why," I pursued, shamelessly prying into personal matters, "do your feet turn out instead of in?"

"Well, I couldn't walk the way I do if my feet turned in," he replied, with easy logic. "Besides, that part of my equipment was collected many years ago, when I was a boy in London. There was an old cabby who used to get on regular drunks, and when in that condition he walked like a pendulum, trying so hard to maintain his dignity. That



THE CHAPLIN QUESTIONNAIRE

Why is Charlie Chaplin's make-up?

Did it come about all at once, or was it evolution?

Does it date back to ante-movie days?

Why does he wear the little mustache? Why the derby hat? Why the bamboo cane?

Why does he turn his feet out, rather than in?

Did he ever see anybody in real life who looks as he now looks on the screen? If so, who and where?

Is he glad that to movie fans, the world over, the name Charlie Chaplin at once suggests a little mustache, a bamboo cane and toes that turn out?

Will he ever break away, professionally, from the type which he has created?

shuffle fascinated me, and I've spent hours going along behind him imitating that stride. He used to skid around corners like"—

"Like you do," I interpolated, and Chaplin nodded.

"Yes, only I've made money by that little trick, and he, poor chap, died in the workhouse. A thing like that's extraordinary, isn't it?" He gazed pensively into the green waters of the pool, and I realized that off the screen he is not a comedian, but a philosopher.

"Then you never saw anyone in real life who looks as you do on the screen?" I went on.

"No, and I never want to," he responded fervently. "I may be all right to look at on the screen, but I wouldn't want to meet me in private life!"

A little later I took a peep into the dressing-room where the comedy make-up is daily adjusted. It was simply furnished and well lighted. The sawed-off mustache chummed democratically with a stick of fleshing and a bottle of gum arabic, and the voluminous trousers hung limply from a peg. The best known derby in the world was cocked rakishly on the back of a chair, and on the floor reposed the million-dollar shoes, suggesting, even in their state of undress, the walk that has made their owner famous. The little bamboo cane leaned weakly against the wall, as if glad of a breathing spell from hooking policemen's belts and millionaires' purses.

"Do you know," I commenced, getting philosophical

myself, "that to every film fan in America this array of articles means just one thing—Charlie Chaplin?"

"I suppose so," he responded thoughtfully. "A derby hat, a cane, a mustache and turned-up shoes—well, I've worked for it hard enough."

But it seemed to me that he sighed.

"But surely you're glad of it?" I insisted. "You won't break away from the type you've created?"

"Oh, no, I don't suppose I will—except in pictures such as 'Shoulder Arms,' where I wear a tin hat instead of a derby and regulation army pants instead of those things." He pointed to the ones on the peg.

"And if you could begin all over again, would you create the same type?"

He frowned a bit at the innocent mustache on the table.

"Well, I'm not so sure. Oh, yes, I suppose I would. But do you know"—and he almost blushed—"I'd like to play something serious just once—something like *Hamlet*."

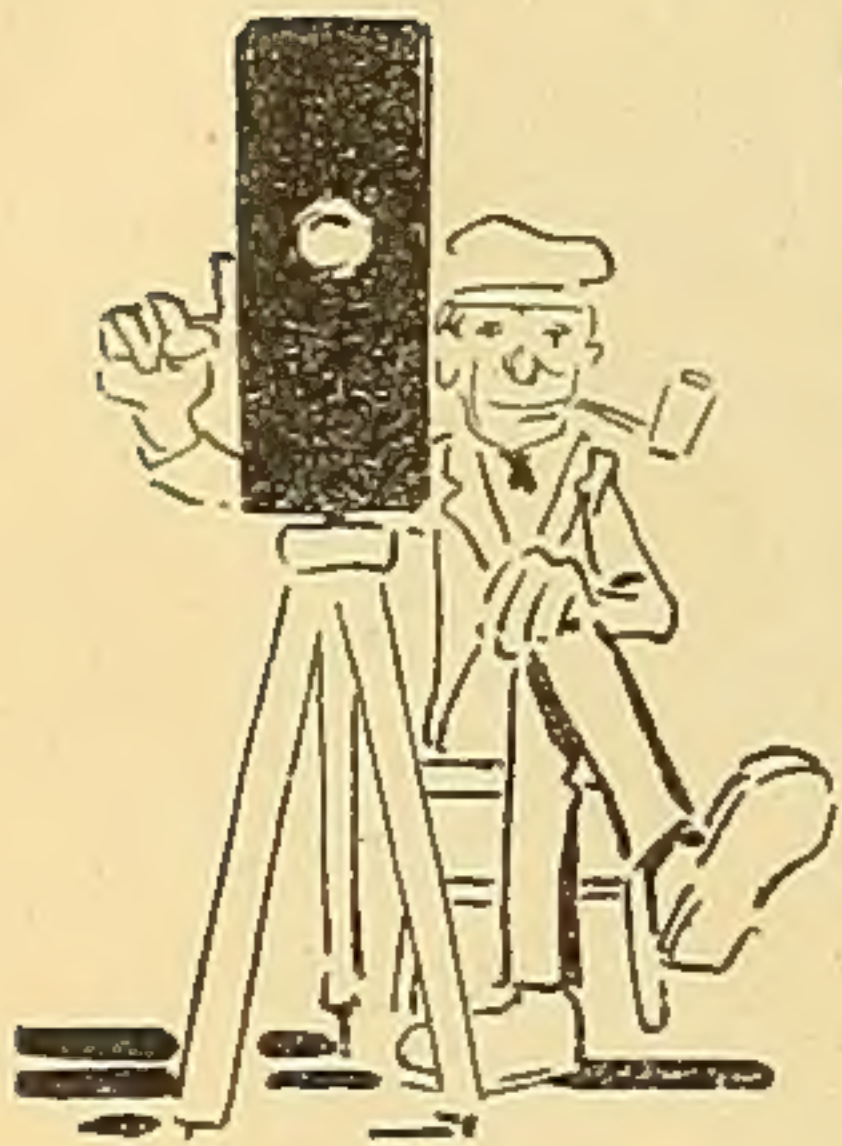
"Fine idea!" I told him. "Think how much fun you could have with 'Alas, poor Yorick's' skull!"

"Oh, no! I mean I'd like to play it seriously!" he assured me.

And as I left the studio, I wondered if, after all, the secret of his success didn't lie in something beyond a shuffling walk and a tricky hat—in the fact that he is a comedian who is in earnest and takes his work as fans will never take it—seriously.

Unfit To Print

There is profanity in the films. Deaf mutes, for whom it was supposed moving pictures would provide an ideal amusement, read the lips of some moving picture actors and found them "vile."—*News sensation.*



Little Eva, when you're "dying"
On the motion picture sheet,
All the Uncle Tommers crying
Round your visage, sad and sweet,
Reassure me, I entreat,
That you speak of love, joy, peace,
When your earthly sorrows cease
And the slaves sing "Shall We Meet?"

Speak up, dear child! Dispel
The charge that you say, "——!"

Marguerita, when your troubles
With Mephisto overtax,
And your load of anguish doubles,
All because of conduct lax;
When your Faust his luggage packs
And he goes below to stay,
Reassure me that you say
Only words that fit the facts.

Dear Maggy, tell me true—you
Do NOT say, "—— it!" do you?

She Was a Movie "Fan"

Harold—You don't believe I love you?

Susie—No; you don't heave your chest like the lovers do in the moving pictures.



PARAMOUNT-ARBUCKLE

"THE WATERMELON SMILE"

Fatty Arbuckle draws no color line in comedy.

From the Travelogues of Happy Hooligan

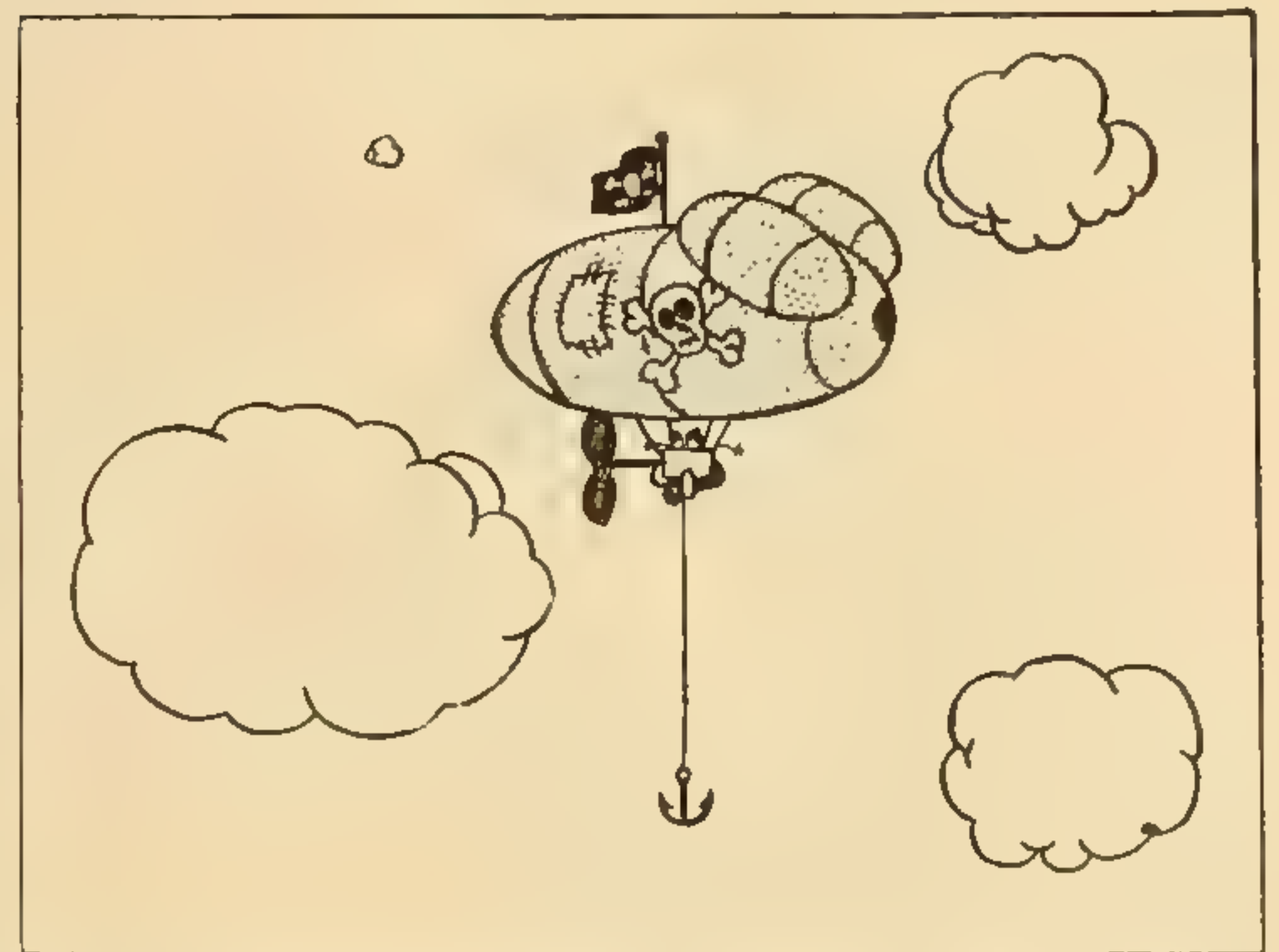


1. "I'll tell youse about my trip to China. It's a boid."

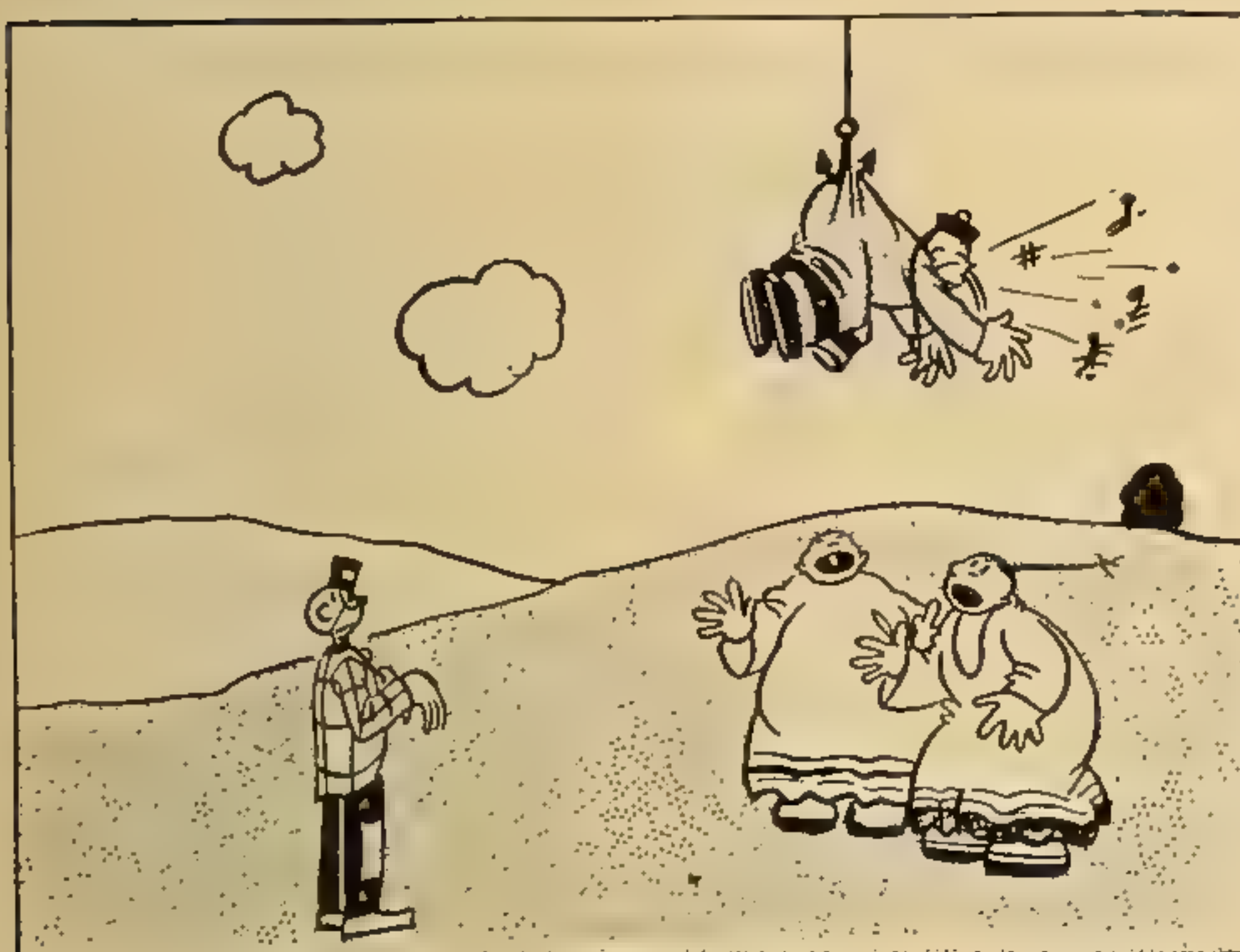
Where are Holmes and Newman compared with this star of the Educational Film Co.?



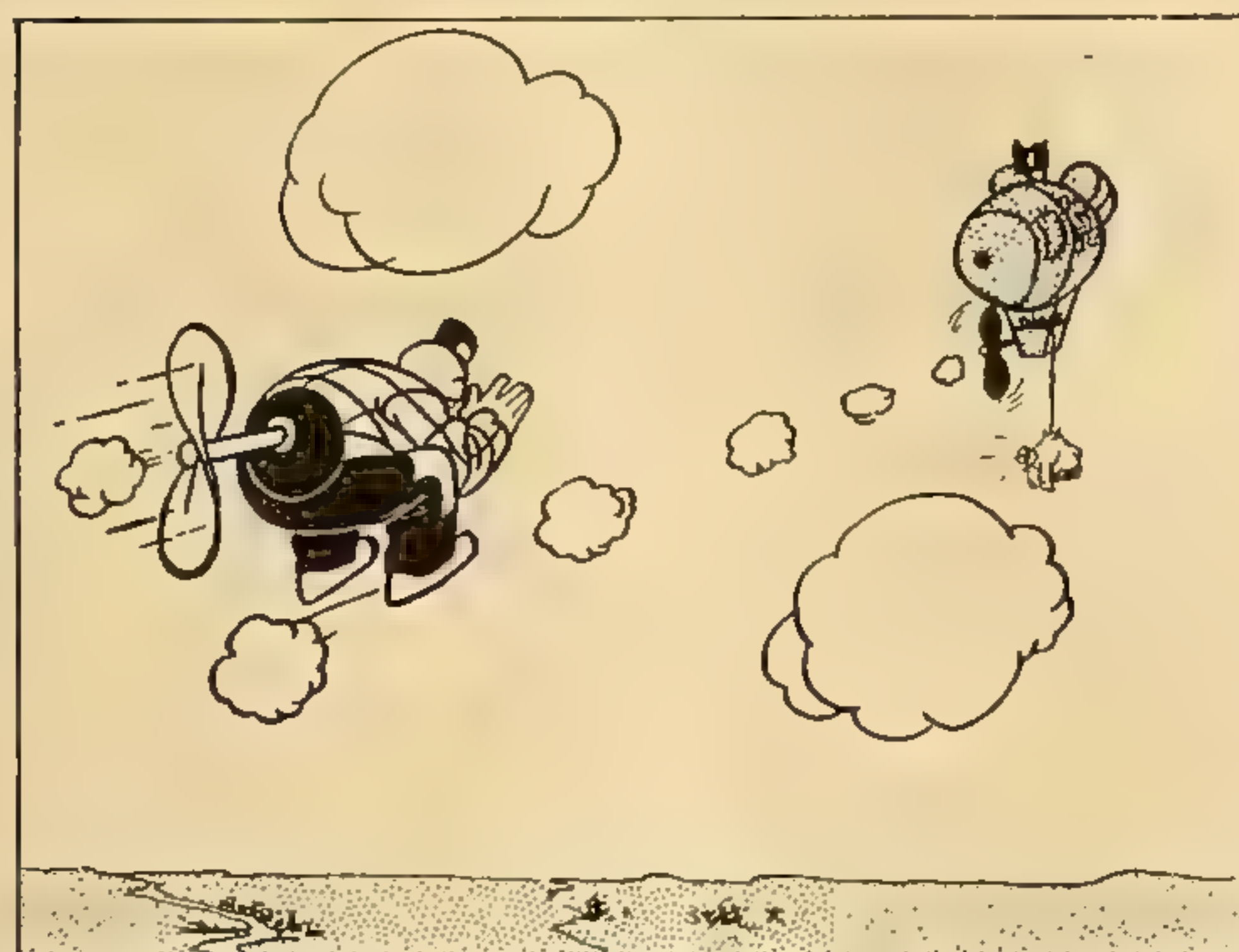
2. "This here is a picture of me and the Prime Minister."



3. "This absoid-looking thing is a Chinese air-junk, out fishing."



4. "'Another Chinese uprising,' says the Prime Minister to me."



5. "I detoimened to show the kidnappers of the Prime Minister no moicy."



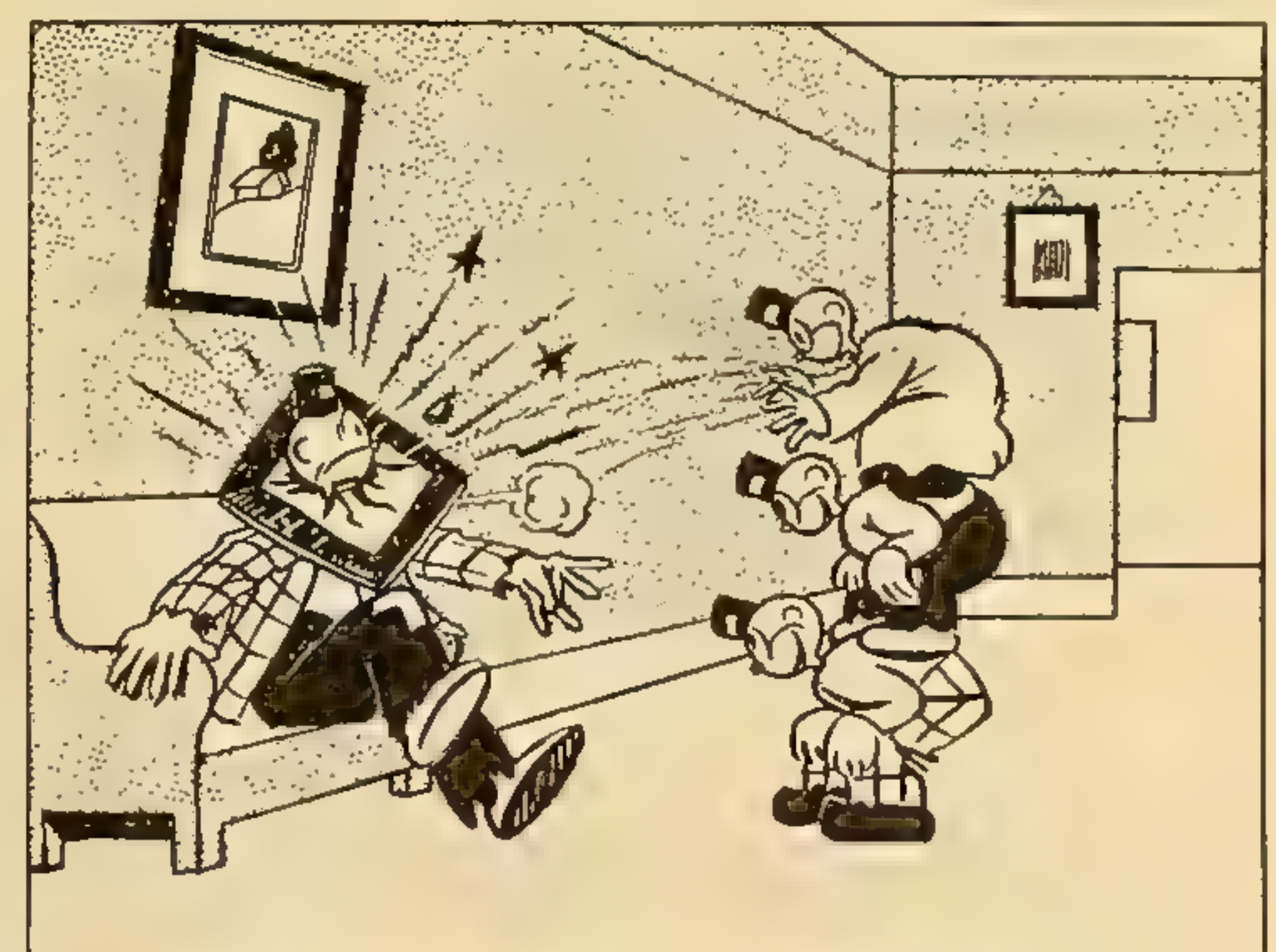
6. "'I've got youse!' This shows me administering foist aid."



7. "'Happy, youse must come and meet the President,' he says to me."



8. "The President of China he knighted me Dub of the Poiple Sock-Holder."



9. "There's another nice decoration for youse, Uncle Happy!"

Alas!

Said a star of the screen to me: "Well, kid,
I've salted my coin away!
I put it in stocks and bonds, I did,
And in property that will pay!
Hereafter, kid, you can touch me NOT,
For I am a tight-wad gloom!
I'll never lend, though I'm worth a lot"—
Said I, with a groan: "To whom?"



10. "And that makes two decorations I've got."

Recitation

When winter dies and springtime dawns
And buds swell up and bust,
Directors feed us winter plays—
It seems as if they must!
And in the fall, when winter's near
And leaves curl up and croak,
They slip us lots of summer plots.
We bite—but where's the joke?

There is Plenty of Pep in "Sauce for the Goose"



Kitty and Travers, whose specialty is neglected wives—if they are pretty.

Travers' quick exit to his roof in the rain; Kitty's husband is coming for her.



"Gander" husband, forgetful of his visits to the widow, is much displeased with "goose" wife.

Recipe of the "Sauce"

Kitty Constable (Constance Talmadge) is the "goose." By supping with Harry Travers in the same house where she knows her husband is tete-a-tete with Mrs. Alloway, a scheming widow, Kitty provides most effective "sauce." Husband comes in pursuit, on finding at home Kitty's note, telling where she is. The comedy is a blend of cross-plot and cross-purpose, most of the cast being either locked in or locked out. Next morning Kitty's "bed has not been slept in." Scurrying home, she had slept in her husband's bed, while he was out looking for her.



He cautions her not to stir, while he hunts for her companion. Shocked "gander." Naughty "goose."



SELECT

Showing the vampish widow, Mrs. Alloway, who tried to lure "gander" from "goose." Kitty is about to lock her in the same room with Teddy Sylvester, her faithful though boobish admirer, this being but one of the "sauce's" ingredients



MIX THOROUGHLY, SPRINKLE WELL WITH WORDS, AND SERVE IN A FIVE-REEL
"HEART-INTEREST" COMEDY

Their Thanksgiving Prayer



MARY PICKFORD breathes a pray'r—
"Heaven bless the movies!"

Douglas Fairbanks does his share—

"Heaven bless the movies!"

Francis Bushman rolls his eyes,

Theda Bara cries and cries,

"Fatty's" hit with many pies—

"Heaven bless the movies!"

Marguerite, Miss Clark, pipes out—

"Heaven bless the movies!"

Dustin Farnum gives a shout—

"Heaven bless the movies!"

Kitty Gordon smiles and frowns,

French Max Linder cutely clowns,

And Valeska wears smart gowns—

"Heaven bless the movies!"

Alice Joyce hums the refrain—

"Heaven bless the movies!"

Charlie Chaplin twists his cane—

"Heaven bless the movies!"

Sidney Drew and wife look sly,

Mabel Normand winks an eye,

Kate and I hold hands and sigh—

"Heaven bless the movies!"

—Harold Seton.

Movie Manners

There has been no little apprehension in certain circles lest the youth of the nation become addicted to the manners exhibited by some of the leaders among moving picture actors. It is feared that the ancient and honorable moving picture convention of hurling a lemon meringue pie into the face of one whose actions are displeasing may become general among the younger set. There is a feeling that our less mature automobile drivers may attempt to emulate moving picture automobilists by running their machines at a rate varying from 74 to 96 miles per hour, for the purpose of revealing the limitations of railroad trains. Not a few of our leading citizens have had their rest disturbed by the horrible apprehension that their daughters may have the poor taste to marry young men who wear sport shirts and wave their hair with an electric iron. Police commissioners have even shuddered to think that their plain-clothes men may fall into moving picture habits and shadow suspects by following them at a distance of two and one-half feet in broad daylight, as is done in the movies. The whole matter, of course, depends on whether the rising generations are sufficiently impressionable to imitate what they see on the movie screen or whether they have common sense.



FOX

A PISCATORY PIPPIN

Why doesn't some aquarium curator net Annette for his finny family?

Enlightenment

By LAWTON MACKALL

AT LAST I have found out the awful truth about humanity. I never even suspected it. Till last evening I went along my way cheerfully, blindly, never guessing that my fellow-men were steeped in evil.

But now I know. My eyes have been opened. For last night I went to one of those enlightening film dramas that reveal life as it is. It was called "Her Blackest Sin," and it comprised nine reels of terrible truth.

It was one of those fine moral sermons to which every mother ought to take her son, and every niece ought to take her uncle, and every stepaunt ought to take her Pekingese.

I only wish my daughter could have seen it; but as I haven't any daughter, she couldn't have.

This drama shows how a handsome but thoughtless woman may sink in sin without ever meaning to. Yes, the strange and pitiful part about it is that she really never intended to be a fallen, crime-seared creature. She sins witlessly: she is scenarioed into it. Perhaps she is too anxious to please. She appears at wild cabarets and wears gowns that are cut to the quick, not because she desires to of her own accord, but because it is expected of her by the audience. Lack of firmness leads to her undoing; she is first pliant, then supple, then sinuous. She displays too little backbone, and too much.

Poor woman, what chance has she amid so many dress suits? Only too late does she learn that stiff bosoms cover none but hard hearts, and that there is no gleam so sinister as that of a silk hat.

Innocent at first, hardly a reel passes before she begins to stop and work her face, just the way the villains stop and work their faces. (Of course, being still a modest woman, she does this only in the privacy of a close-up.) By the seventh reel even her high-minded husband has become affected with the taint and is stopping and working *his* face.

And so the drama progresses, growing blacker and more enlightening every minute. I can't be too grateful to the producers of this film for the unflinching way in which they accepted the responsibility of my innocence and warned me. If they had not, I should probably have gone to the end of my days without ever knowing that people were at bottom only smiling criminals.

But now, thank goodness, I'm warned and on my guard. I'm posted on sin. When a man comes up to me and shakes my hand, I'll know he's a hawk looking for a home to break up; and when a woman smiles at me, I'll know she's a vampire.

They won't catch *me*! I'll just watch them surrepti-



DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

THE END OF THE REEL

tiously when they are off their guard until I see them working their faces, and *then* I'll have them!

For now I am an expert on evil. That film showed me the thrilling seductions of a life of vice; so that if I am ever confronted by them, I shall be able to recognize them at once and say how do you do. And at the end there was

one of those solemn moral warnings, such as everybody thinks everybody else is supposed to need; so in future I shall know what to avoid in *that* line.

And this entire transformation of my life cost me only twelve cents. One could hardly get a more thorough education even at a billiard academy.

O. Khayyam—"The Rubaiyat of a Scotch Highball"—O. Henry



1. To Jess, accustomed to a country town, the dreggy Bohemia was sugar and spice.



3. And where she met a type of "adorable" artist found only in bunk Bohemia.

By Way of Explanation

Not much plot, merely a progressive state of mind, with scene in Greenwich Village, New York's bunk Bohemia. Bob Babbitt marries a country girl, attracted to her because they both worship Omar Khayyam. Omar, you recall, celebrated the glories of the grape. In New York, Bob and Jess drift into a near-art set whose fad is drink. Bob pulls himself together on hearing it said that he "was full as an owl" the night before, and comes home in no sense a merry villager. He tells Jess he is through. They quarrel, but a happy train of thought wrecks the spell of Bohemia and frees them both.

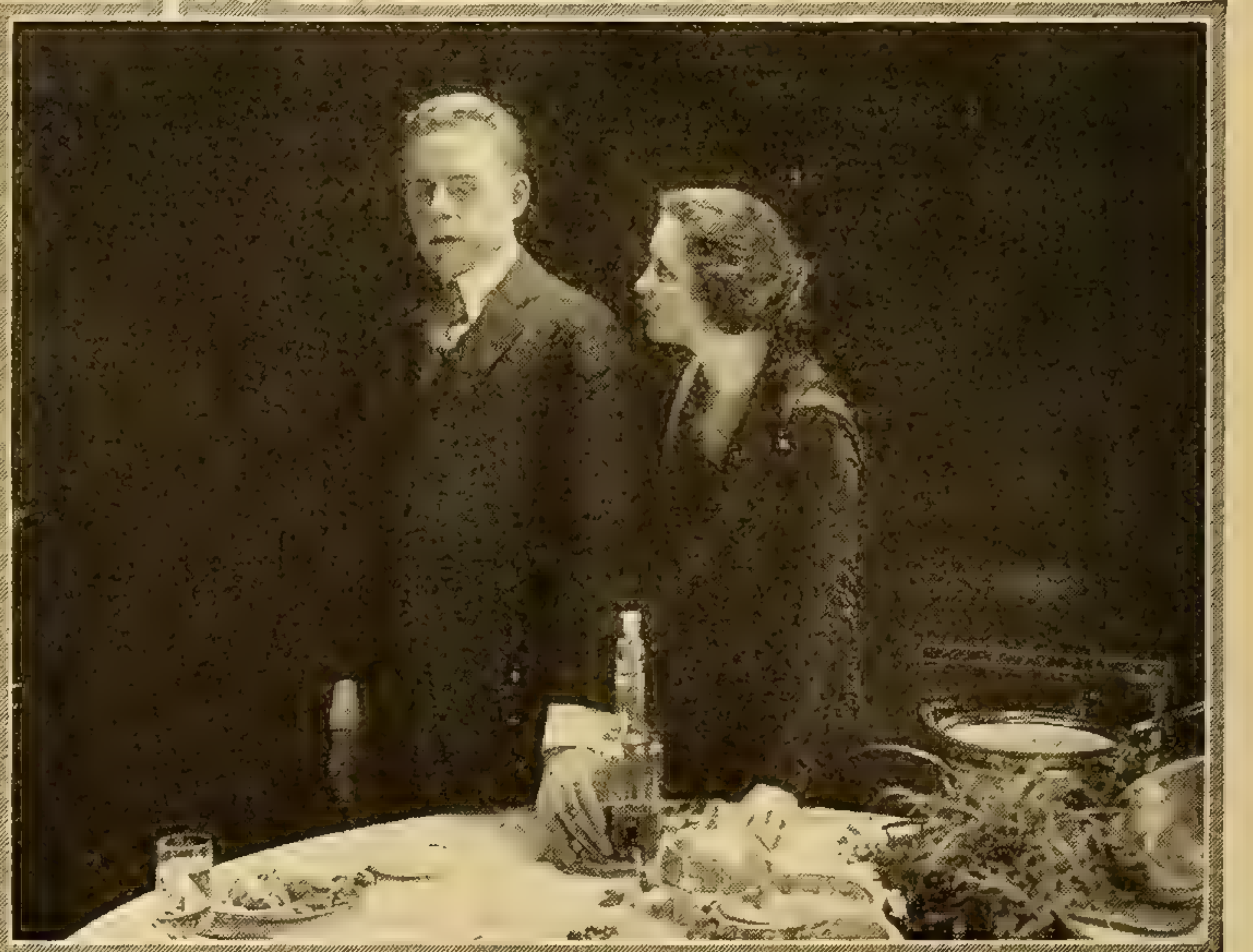
2. The bobbed-hair atmosphere in which Jess learned to drink cocktails.



4. Between highballs there was always some "unappreciated" musical genius to gush over.



5. The home of Bob and Jess resounded with Bohemian laughter at nothing in particular until 3 a. m. And then—



6. One sober day, despite Omar Khayyam, Bob decided to have just straight seltzer in his, thereafter.



"GEE! DIS IS JUST LIKE A 'MOVIE'"

Two Good Reasons

"Why," we severely demanded of the proprietor of the moving picture palace, "do you persist in having your pipe organ play with such overwhelming and stentorian volumes of sound?"

"In an endeavor to drown out the conversation of my

patrons," he replied. "And why," we inquired of some of the patrons, "do you talk so loudly during the show?"

"In the hope," they answered, "of being able to be heard by each other over and above the blare and uproar of the pipe organ."

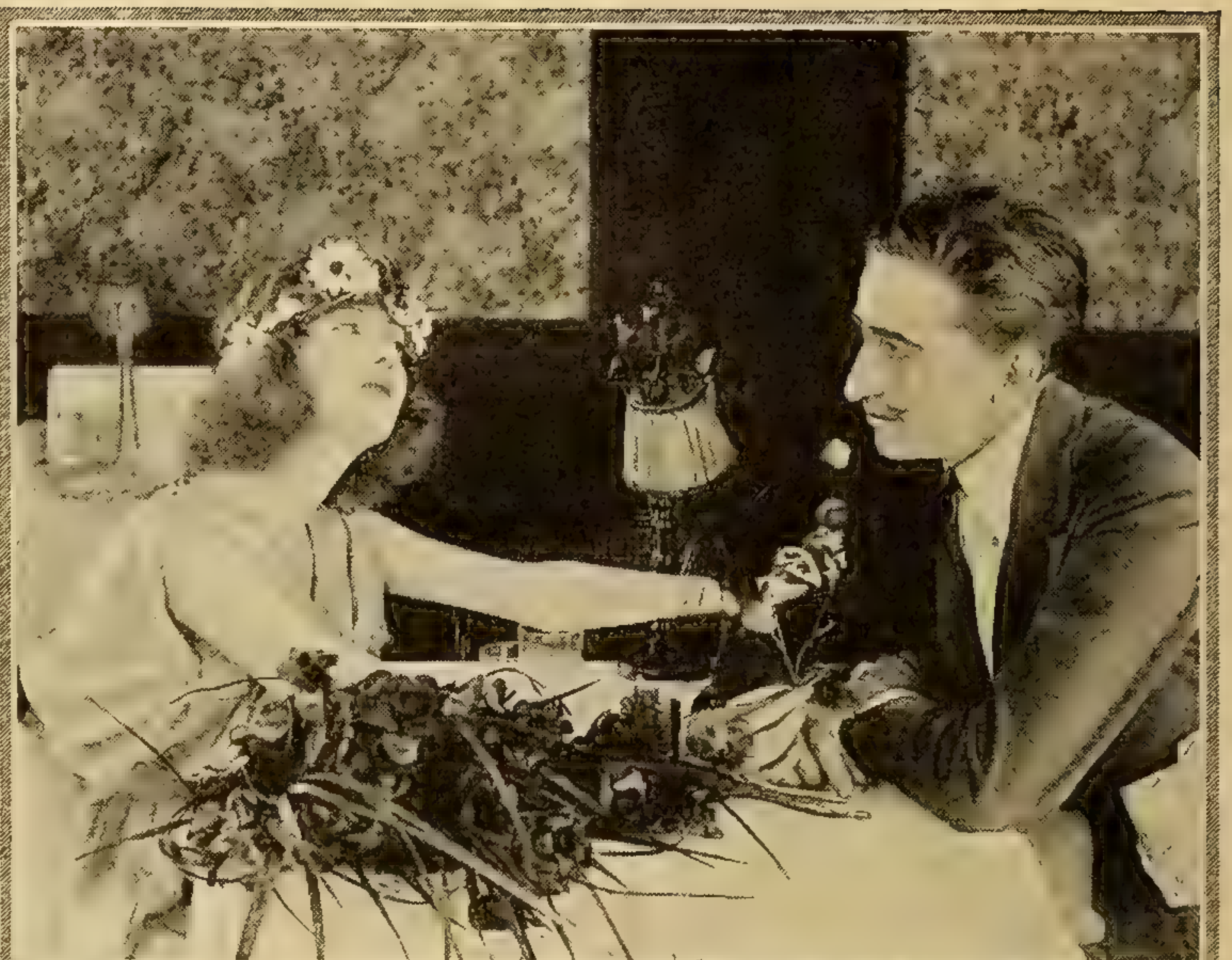


EDUCATIONAL

LIVE AND LEARN

At the moment of our decision that this was a "close-up" of a vanilla sundae with chocolate sauce, along came the Educational Film folks with word that it is an Alaskan glacier topped with moss.

Showing Up the Hick Town, New York



As a "classic dancer" Flo shocks the female patrons of a highly proper restaurant.

Flo's landlady serves notice on the subject of room-rent.

Opportune events bring Flo in touch with a publicity agent.

Story of "Hick Manhattan"

Flo Donahoe (Peggy Hopkins) is down in her luck. New York and "success" have not been synonymous. Flo makes the acquaintance of Hugh McGinty, publicity man (Olin Howland), when a fire in her boarding house sends her out upon the street in "classic" attire. Scenting opportunity, Flo's impromptu publicity man gets her into the newspapers via the police court, plus a happy-thought press yarn about her being a native Greek dancer, whose dress and deportment have been "simple" since childhood. A vaudeville manager signs her up, and New York, or "Hick Manhattan," falls gracefully, as usual, and gives up its money.



Arrested, she puts one over on the police, per instructions of her publicity man.



PARAMOUNT-FLAGG

She describes herself as a Greek dancing girl, who knew no better. This is Flo in her "native fields."



It is now but a short, quick step to a vaudeville contract and emancipation from land-ladies. Easy New York!

A Chase Picture, With Billie Burke in the Lead



Polly vows that he who would wed her must catch her.



Polly's car breaks down: Secret Service to the rescue.



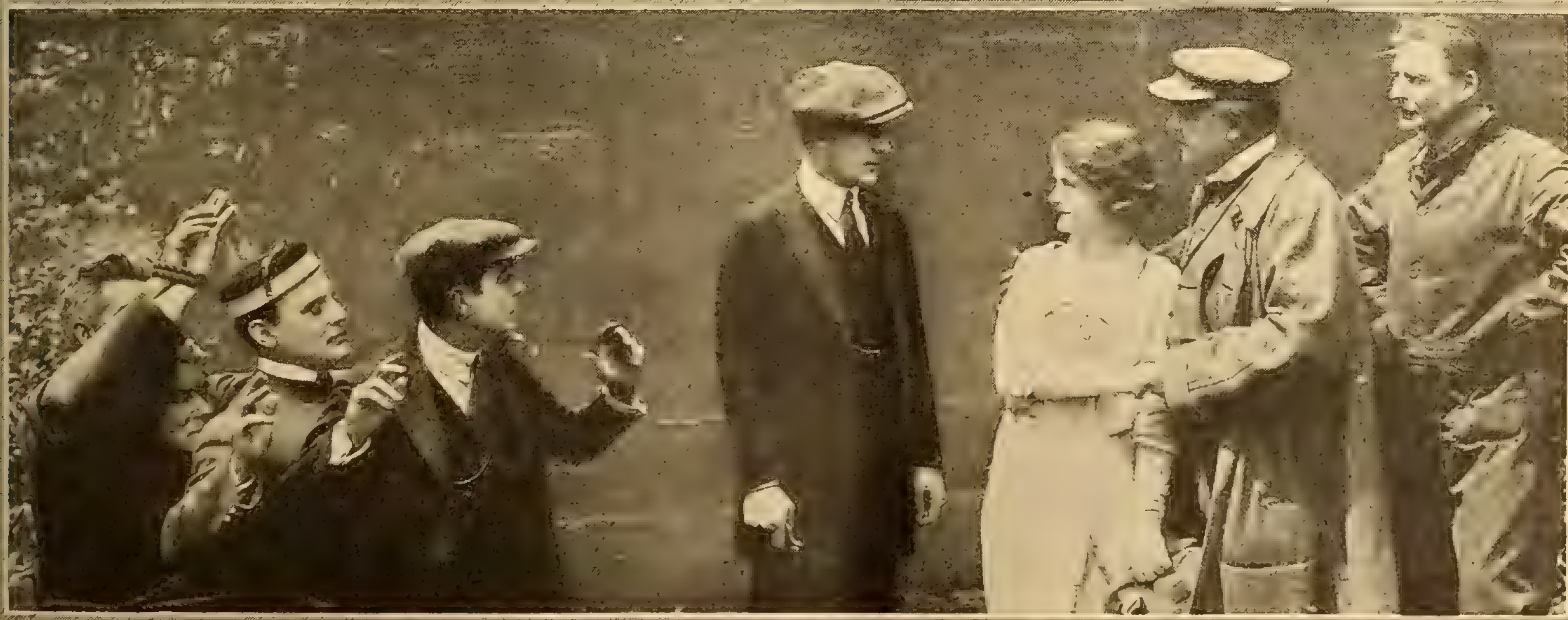
Polly's expression indicates that the pursuit is getting warm.

"In Pursuit of Polly"

Polly Marsden (Billie Burke) says she will marry the suitor who can catch her. With her maid's help she makes a getaway. A young millionaire, on Secret Service work, meets *Polly* when her car breaks down, and suspects her of being in league with a German spy. The Secret Service man, the spy and *Polly's* suitors, who have traced her, provide complications in a hotel. The German persuades himself that *Polly* is playing his game, and tells her where "the hidden wireless" is. More pursuit. *Polly* is arrested, and it requires her father's arrival to clear her. Marry? Why, she marries the man who caught her, of course—the rich young Secret Service man.



Polly honored by attentions from a German spy, who thinks her a confederate.



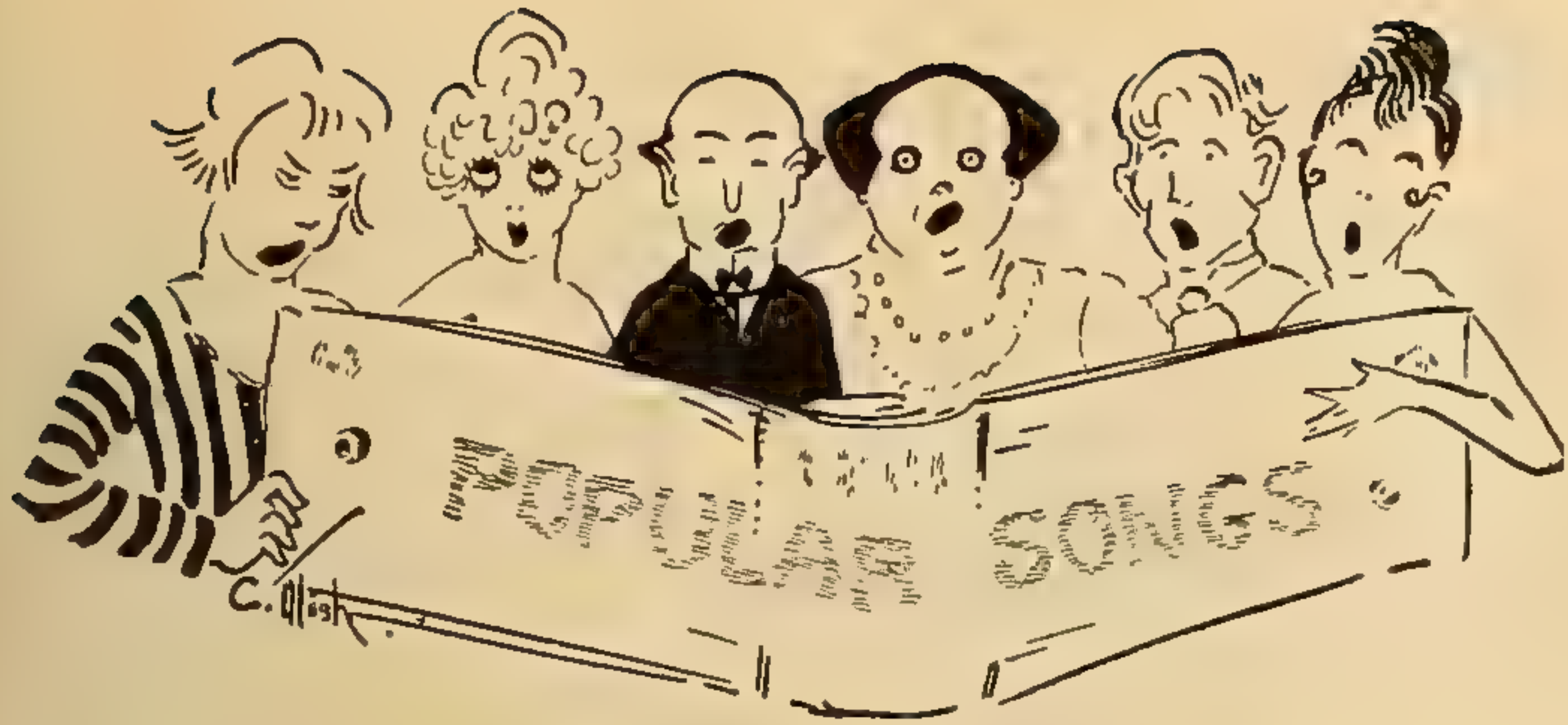
PARAMOUNT

The Secret Service man, who is young and rich, catches the spy, the pursuing suitors and—matrimonially, with her father's consent—Polly.

Movies From Film Fun's Screen



THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA: SHOWING THAT IT WAS NO CINCH FOR COLUMBUS



Song of the "Extra"

By Charlotte Mish

I WANT to be a movie star—
 I do! I do! I do!
 I want to own a motor car—
 How true! How true! How true!
 Just look, just look, just LOOK at me!
 For looks I am a winner!
 I've got THE personality!
 I could play saint or sinner!
 I resemble Soandso—
 Almost am a double!
 I can make my features go
 Without a bit of trouble!
 I could look mad as well as glad—
 I could! I could! I could!
 I'd be the best they ever had!
 I would! I would! I would!
 How dumb these old directors are!
 It really makes me BLUE!
 I want to be a movie star—
 I do! I do! I DO!

Action

He had never seen her before, but he fell in love with her as she stepped from the surface car. "Come," he said, grabbing her by the arm. "We will take a taxi to the nearest clergyman and be married."

While waiting for the minister to put on a clean collar, wash his hands and otherwise prepare for the ceremony, the young man telephoned to the nearest furniture store. "Hello! Is this the general manager? Well, I want you to furnish a three-room apartment for me. There is one advertised in this morning's *Planet*, No. 42 West One Hundred and 'Steenth Street. Yes, it is not very far from you. Have the furniture there in ten minutes, please."

Eleven minutes later a taxi raced through One Hundred and 'Steenth Street, and the bride and groom entered their new home.

"Doesn't this seem—er—a little bit sudden to you?" asked the bride, as she sat down to get her breath.

"N-no, not exactly," replied the groom. "In fact, it seems the most natural thing in the world. You see, for the past five years I've done nothing but write moving picture scenarios."

—C. H. F

You Betcher!

Sis—Two hours and a quarter doesn't mean very much to me.

Bobby—Well, I could take in a high-class movie show if I had two hours and a "quarter."



A PROPHECIC MOTION PICTURE

Patriotic Americans who wish to see the downfall of autocracy will give this picture a circular twisting motion toward the left.

The Cause of the War

CLARENCE, my ex-roommate, and I have separated. Listen! Now, YOU know there is only one regular guy on the screen. That's Willis Art! Everybody admits THAT!

But Clarence couldn't see him if his face was all eyes. Clarence had a broad chest and a narrow mind. I'd come home from the show and tell him how Willis Art canned the crooks from the camp, shot up the bad guy and married the girl.

Yes, and I had a lasso, and I used to rope Clarence with it and drag him around the room sometimes. You know—just showing him how Willis Art did it. No good guy ought to get mad at that! But Clarence did. He said if I didn't lay off him with that Wild West stuff, he'd blow the shack—as we used to say on the campus.

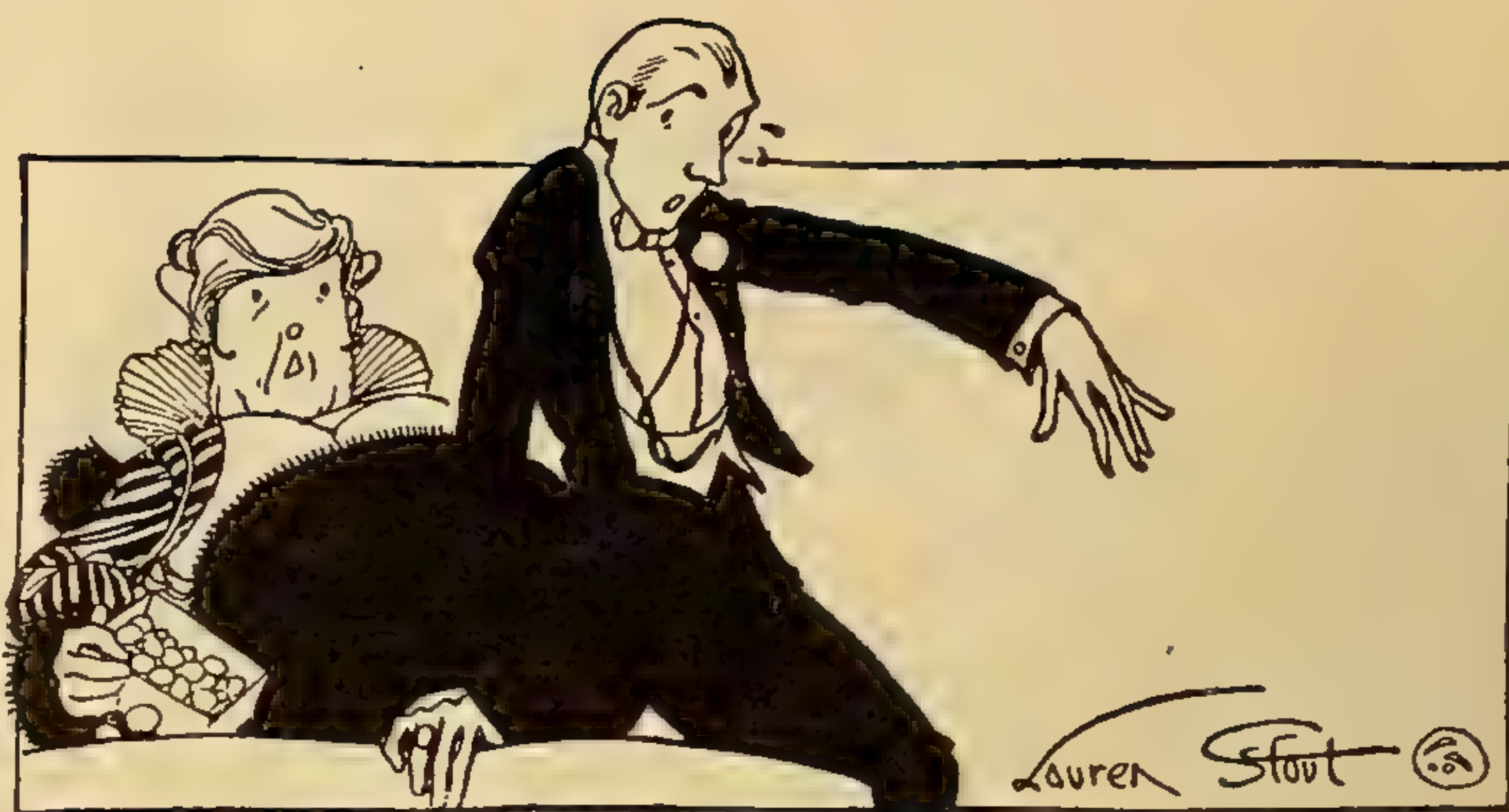
After that Clarence was a bum audience for me. He'd



PARAMOUNT

CHARLES RAY IN "STRING BEANS"

Some men are born hicks; others have hick roles thrust upon them by a director.



BETWEEN THE ACTS

Moving picture: "A Narrow Escape," in three desperate reels. Released by the Mammoth Corporation.

go asleep and snore right when I'm a-telling how Willis Art rode horseback into the dance hall and dragged out the tough guys on the end of his rope. Right through the glass window and everything! You know, a bird that could take a nap on that line of stuff ain't normal. He's darned near stupid!

One night there wasn't a Willis Art picture in town. So I stayed in. And so Clarence went out. Shows what a mean cuss he was! Just as I was all fixed for a pleasant evening telling him about Willis Art—he ducks!

In a couple of hours he's back, noisy as a six-year-old Ford and wearing a grin that looked like a sickle! And I never even ever saw him SMILE before! Honest, it scared me!

He shied off his hat and coat, leapfrogged over the table, vaulted over the back of the Morris and sat down in front of me, the grin working all the time. Also, he gave me a wallop on the leg that darned near scorched my pants!

"Harold," says he, without losing the grin, "I've just seen the greatest man in the world!"

"How did YOU get into the White House?" I comes back, giving him one of those Willis Art piercing glances.

"Nix!" replies Clarence. "I'd rather be Fairless than President any time!"

"You'll be airless in a minute," I pipes, "because I'll choke off your wind if you don't wipe that grin off and give me the works; and if you spank my leg like that again, I'll bust you one! Where'd you get the bun?"

"You know I don't drink," says Clarence. "At that, it's funny I don't, after listening to all that desert stuff of Art's you keep feeding me!"

I got up. "Wow!" yelps Clarence, as he trips me up and swings himself up on the chandelier. I was looking around for my lasso to tie him up, when he takes a Kellermann off the chandelier and flattens me out on the rug.

"Whoopee!" he yells, sitting up on my back. "THAT'S how he does it!"

"All right!" I gasps. "I'll be the goat. Who does what?"

"Fairless Dougbanks!" pipes Clarence. "I saw him to-night in the pictures. Say, that bird's a wonder! He licks seventeen guys and jumps over a"—

I roll him over and get up. Then we mix. After they pried us apart, we decided to live that way.

Say, I'll bet lots of these divorces are caused just that way! Suppose a guy's wife can't appreciate Willis Art? What's he going to do? Huh?

—Harry J. Smalley.

No; It Is Not William J. Bryan, It Is Fred Stone



1. Chuck's mother is sure that her iron-worker son was cut out for the movies.



2. Chuck dresses to look the part of the lady who does not skate.



3. The leading lady's eyes make a monkey as well as a goat of Chuck.

Tale of "The Goat"

Chuck McCarthy (Fred Stone) is an iron-worker who breaks into the movies as an "extra." He himself is "the goat." He subs for the star as a roller skater, and falls out with his sweetheart, Molly O'Connor, when fascinated by the smiles of the actress. The leading man balks at a risky stunt, and McCarthy doubles for him. As the hero is supposed to be bandaged about the face, no one is wiser for the shift. McCarthy makes a rescue not in the scenario, is hurt, and the leading man gets the credit. Cured of screenitis, McCarthy asks Molly if she will take back her iron-worker. She will.



4. Chuck decides that clothes, given a chance, will make a man a leading man.



5. The substitution: The leading man stays in his dressing room; "the goat" assumes the risk considerably provided by the scenario writer.



6. After the real thing in rescues. Proof that Chuck's sweetheart, Molly, has forgiven her wandering "goat" for falling for the smiles of a movie queen.

Supeing for Tourneur

By HAROLD SETON

WHEN Maurice Tourneur produced "The Bluebird," a new standard was established in the moving pic-

ture world — a standard of ideas and ideals. With tens of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of cinema enthusiasts in all parts of the world, I had marveled at the artistry of the performance. So now I went to the Solax Studio, out at Fort Lee, N. J., and talked with the casting director. I told him of my experiences and adventures as an "extra" in the neighboring studios, and asked for a day's work with Mr. Tourneur. So to Mr. Tourneur's office I was conducted.

He received me courteously, charmingly, and seeing that I was sincerely interested in his achievements, he showed me how he prepared his productions, turning over the pages of great scrapbooks filled with prints and photographs of cities and houses and people and costumes. He was now directing a scene depicting Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and had collected many studies by the famous Dore, illustrator of the Bible and of Dante's Inferno. Here were angels and devils and fantastic landscapes.

"We are doing the Garden of Eden episode to-day," said Mr. Tourneur. "Come and see our first parents."

So I came, I saw—and Mr. Tourneur conquered! The scene, inside the studio, was one of great beauty. Against a skyblue background stood the Tree of Knowledge, and from its branches hung the fatal apples. The rehearsals began, and *Eve* posed before the camera. The interpreter of the role was young and lovely, her costume consisting of a golden wig, with ringlets reaching to the knees. I thought of the old saying, "Beauty unadorned is adorned the most!" *Adam* appeared, cleverly made up as half man and half ape, with hairy legs and chest. *Eve* pointed to the apple



PARAMOUNT

wonderingly, expectantly. Then an *Angel* with a flaming sword came in, and the *Devil* peeped around the tree, with great, batlike wings outstretched.

"The picture is in several episodes, showing the influence of woman," said Mr. Tourneur. "We can use you in the next scene—the Roman episode. Report next Wednesday at eight o'clock in the morning."

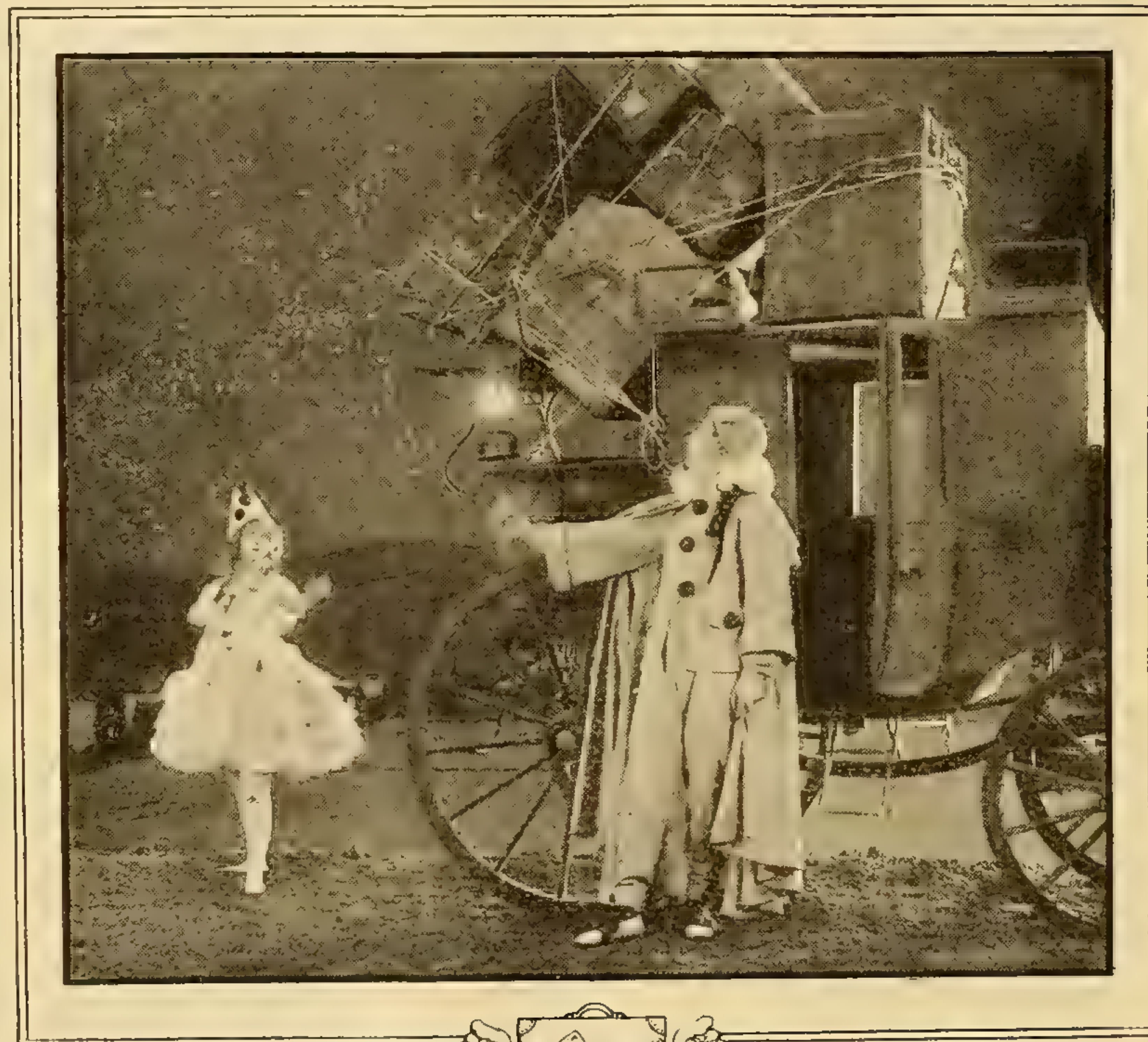
When next Wednesday arrived, I arrived with it. But I disregarded Mr. Tourneur's directions and reached the studio at seven-thirty. I

wanted to see all that was to be seen, more than I was supposed to see. Finding no one around the studio, I made my way over to the vacant lot, where a Roman street had been set up, with dwellings and shops and a temple. It reminded me of Pompeii, where I had returned day after day in spellbound ecstasy. Every detail of the construction was complete and perfect, from the great, flat stones in the roadway to the frescoes on the walls and the signs and scribblings in Latin.

In one booth were fruits, in another were vegetables. Then there was a shop filled with brass bowls of all shapes and sizes. Here were live chickens, and next door was the baker's establishment, with real loaves of proper form displayed. Suddenly, coming from fancies of the past to

facts of the present, I realized that the time was eight o'clock, so hurried back to the studio and found that the mob was assembling.

Men, women and children came pushing in through the doors, peering in through the windows. Before long the three hundred who had been engaged were gathered together, all talking and gesticulating excitedly. Italian families had come from miles around, often three generations being represented, wrinkled grandmothers dragging squalling grandchildren. There were also Spaniards and Greeks; as I found from listening to



The custard-pie atmosphere is agreeably lacking in the Tourneur type of picture.

and talking with my fellow "extras." There were Frenchmen, too, and Turks. In fact, all the dark-skinned, dark-eyed races were represented. None were more picturesque than the giant negroes who were to impersonate slaves.

One part of the mob was huddled in this corner, and another in that, and I was told that my dressing-room was "up there, near the roof." In the compartment there was really space for ten or twelve persons, but some twenty-five or thirty were crowded in. However, this circumstance was in itself a new experience, so afforded a new sensation.

Two old Irishmen were making up as Roman senators, the man who threw my clothes off a peg was an Italian, and the man who tried to grab my sandals was a Greek. I enjoyed the local color, but not the local odor, so hurried out of the dressing-room in my little tunic and my slipping slippers, somewhat embarrassed and quite excited. Below, on the studio floor, pandemonium had been let loose. Men and women in half-modern and half-ancient costumes were rushing around, directing and misdirecting one another, brandishing trousers or corsets; children were getting lost and found. I talked to a Roman matron wearing a service-star brooch, and to an Ethiopian slave smoking a briar pipe.

Then came the word to go out to the lot, to get into the scene; so we all straggled off and were assigned to our places, this group to the right and that group to the left, these people to be shopping at the booths, those people to be leaning from the balconies. I saw an old man reading a Hebrew newspaper, and spied a small child sneaking apples from a basket.

Then Mr. Tourneur mounted the steps of the temple and through a megaphone directed the rehearsals. We started at nine, but it was twelve before the camera man began to crank his machine. We were forbidden to look in his direction; instead, we were intent upon the crowd of urchins who came running and tumbling along the highway in advance of the mounted troops, who were followed by dancing girls with flowers to strew in the path of the approaching—em-



HAVE YOU AN EYE FOR AN EYE?

Then identify these. They are "registering love" for Harold Lockwood, Warren Kerrigan, William Russell, Charles Ray and Irving Cummings, respectively.

peror! His imperial majesty was borne in a gorgeous litter, supported by six black slaves.

Mr. Tourneur said: "Shout! Gesticulate!" So we did so. We yelled: "Hooray!" "Viva Italia!" and even "To hell with the Kaiser!" We jumped up and down, we jostled one another, we struggled for the best places. This performance was gone over and over until one o'clock. Then came a time to rest—and to eat. Refreshments were provided, but after one glance in the direction of the mob, three hundred strong, scrambling for food, I decided that, although I had been engaged as an "extra" and had dressed with and yelled with the "extras," I really preferred to dine with the "regular actors," so sought out a charming and cultured girl I had met at other studios and lunched with her—in the imperial litter. She was playing the part of a princess. After a time the emperor himself joined us, and we talked of literature and art and cabbages and kings.

For a while the strange sights and stranger smells were forgotten, but then came more rehearsals and more photography, until at last, at a quarter to six, we were dismissed, to the wild delight of the rabble, who were impatient to get back to their wash-tubs and news-stands, their shoe shines and their street corners.

Not all of the extra people are of the *hoi polloi*, however. Later on I was to learn this when three hundred extras, in gorgeous raiment, appeared as an opera audience.

We tore out of our togas and into our trousers, then formed in double lines to get our slips, which were turned into cash at the office window. Some got two-fifty, some got three-fifty, and some got five. Those who got five had done little "bits." For my part, I must admit I felt almost ashamed to take Mr. Tourneur's money. I felt I was obtaining it under false pretenses. For he had afforded me a day's entertainment, had provided a veritable treat, and, instead of my paying him, he was paying me! I have had many amusing experiences in my life, many diverting adventures in the movies, but I shall never forget the paradoxical performance of—supeing for Tourneur!



Real and Reel.

An Obvious Deduction

The stickler—Why do they call them moving picture studios? A studio is the workshop of a person who paints.

The movie actress—You apparently have never visited a moving picture studio.



Just as the Train is about to run over the Heroine.

Lest the Audience Forget

NEVER make the mistake of thinking it is too late to drop around to the movies. It never is. Remember that between the time when the "big picture" is first flashed upon the screen and the instant when the initial action-picture is shown, the film company must inform the audience in fullest detail of the following:

FLICKER FLICKER FILM CO., INC.

HENRY B. FLICKER, Pres.

MARTIN S. FLICKER, Secretary.

MOE RILEY, Treas.

Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Stupendous Five-reel Thriller

THE MYSTERIOUS MUFFIN.

From the book of that name by Egbert Hamm Saltina.

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HENRY B. FLICKER, Pres.

THE MYSTERIOUS MUFFIN.

Book by Egbert Hamm Saltina.

Scenario by Morris Scrapbook and Lester Lunger.

Staged under the Direction of
Wilfred Sombrero.

(The Flicker Flicker Film Co., Inc., Los Angeles.)

HYSTERIA STUTZ.

HAROLD HAIRWAVY.

Co-stars in the Flicker Flicker Film Co.'s (Inc.) Great
Production of Saltina's

THE MYSTERIOUS MUFFIN.

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HENRY B. FLICKER, Pres.

MARTIN S. FLICKER, Secretary.

MOE RILEY, Treas.

ARE YOU FOLLOWING

The Mysterious Muffin

Every Week in

The Magazine Section of the Sunday Nap?

(Nap Publishing Co., Inc.)

READ IT IN THE NAP. SEE IT ON THE SCREEN.

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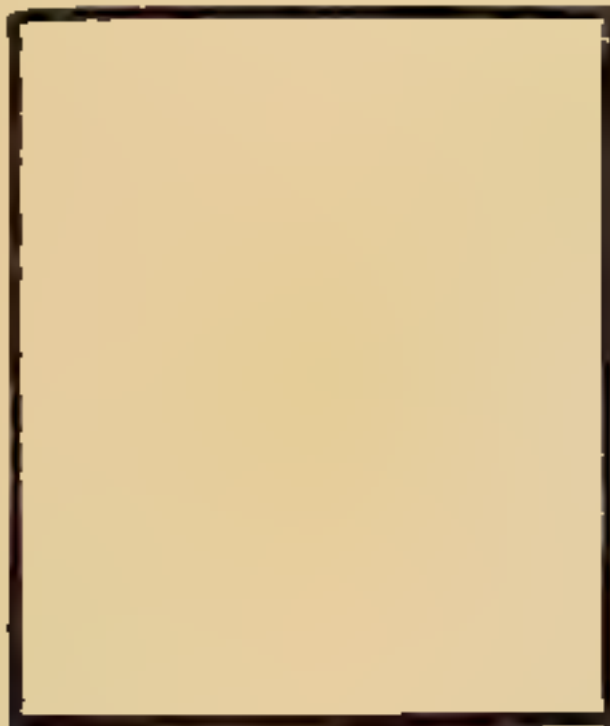
PERALTA

Here we have a lesson in geology. These young movie ladies, Louise Glaum and Company, are on vacation, not "location," in Del Mar, Cal. The rock on which they sit has been "on location" at Del Mar for a number of thousand or million centuries—the difference in detail being immaterial in geology. When this earth was a whirling ball of fire, there wasn't any rock at Del Mar or anywhere

else. But gradually a crust formed over the spinning flame and the surface cooled off, making first a sort of fudge and then rocks, this one and others. Through the glacial period this rock was very cool indeed, and since then has been positively cold and unemotional. At the time our photograph was taken, however, it began to warm up—a perfectly natural thing for it to do, geologists claim.

WILFRED SOMBRERO SAYS:

"I consider **THE MYSTERIOUS MUFFIN** my greatest triumph in motion picture production."
(Copyright, Wilfred Sombrero, Inc.)



PORTRAIT OF WILFRED SOMBRERO,
Director, Flicker Flicker Film Co., Inc.
Los Angeles, Cal.

"FLICKER FLICKER STARS ARE WORLD-FAMOUS."
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PORTRAIT OF HYSTERIA STUTZ
In her Matchless portrayal of Bessie Bean in
"The Mysterious Muffin."
(Copyright by Hysteria Stutz, Inc.)
(Photo by Flicker Flicker Feature Service,
H. B. Flicker, Pres.)

**"FLICKER HEROES KEEP THE HEART FIRES
BURNING."**

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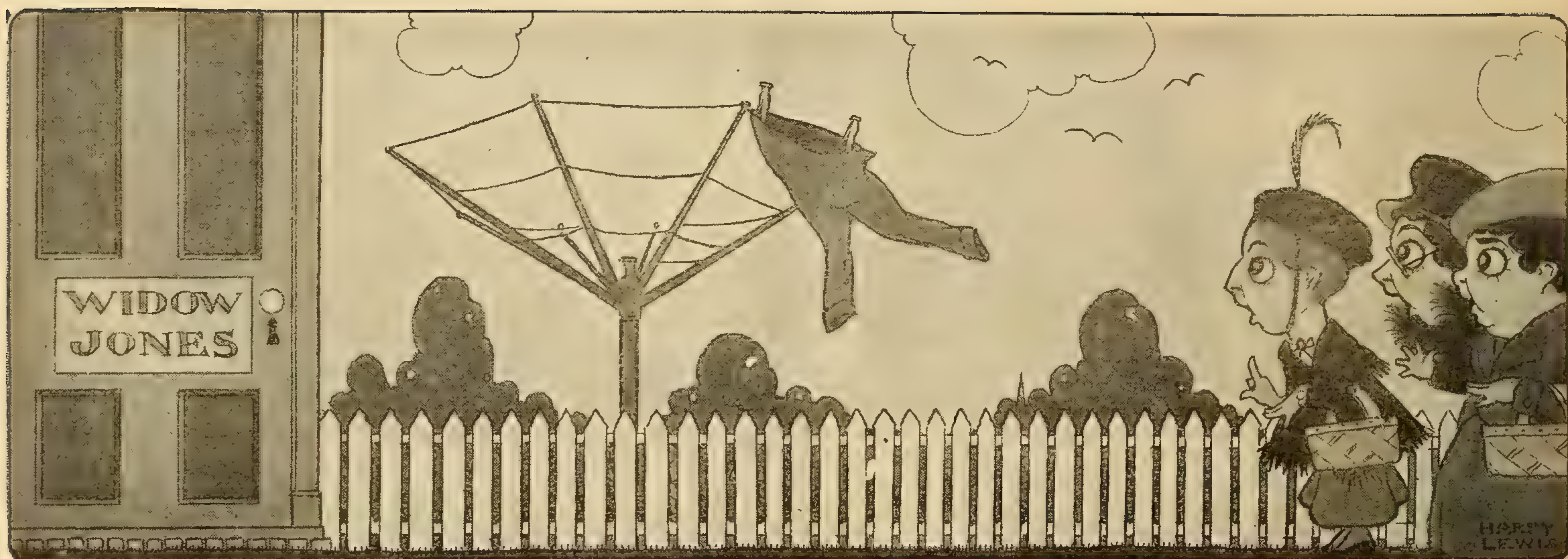


PORTRAIT OF HAROLD HAIRWAVY
In his virile interpretation of Lemuel Lariat in
"The Mysterious Muffin."

(Copyright by Harold Hairwavy, Inc.)
(Photo by Flicker Flicker Feature Service,
H. B. Flicker, Pres.)

**"IF YOU HAVEN'T SEEN A FLICKER, YOU HAVEN'T
SEEN A FILM."**

Then, after a few additional copyrights, "incs" and entrances into the Library of Congress, they at last let 'er flicker, and you may see what you came to see. But never make the error of thinking that you must bolt your dinner or leave the dishes unwashed, in order to "get there in time."
—A. H. F.



ONE-REEL FEATURE—"THE VILLAGE SCANDAL"

Markowitz and Henry Discuss the Movies

By LOU RAB

"WHERE'S everybody? Where's Minnie? Where's the kids?" inquired Henry Shapiro upon entering the home of Max Markowitz, his boss and brother-in-law, and finding the skirt manufacturer half asleep on a couch in the pinocle library.

"Where's Minnie? Where's the kids?" repeated Markowitz mockingly, as he assumed a sitting posture and rubbed his eyes sleepily. "Henry, like I told you already more than a thousand times, you can ask more foolish questions in one minute than what the whole Supreme Court from the United States can answer in a season. Why don't you ask that old question, what even a baby with a bottle knows—'Where was Moses when the lights went out?'—and I'll give you the same answer, with an improvement—'In the dark, by the movies.' I myself didn't care to go, because we auctioned last night till three o'clock, and I feel so sleepy this afternoon like an actor in the morning. So I let Minnie and Lester and Florence go by themselves."

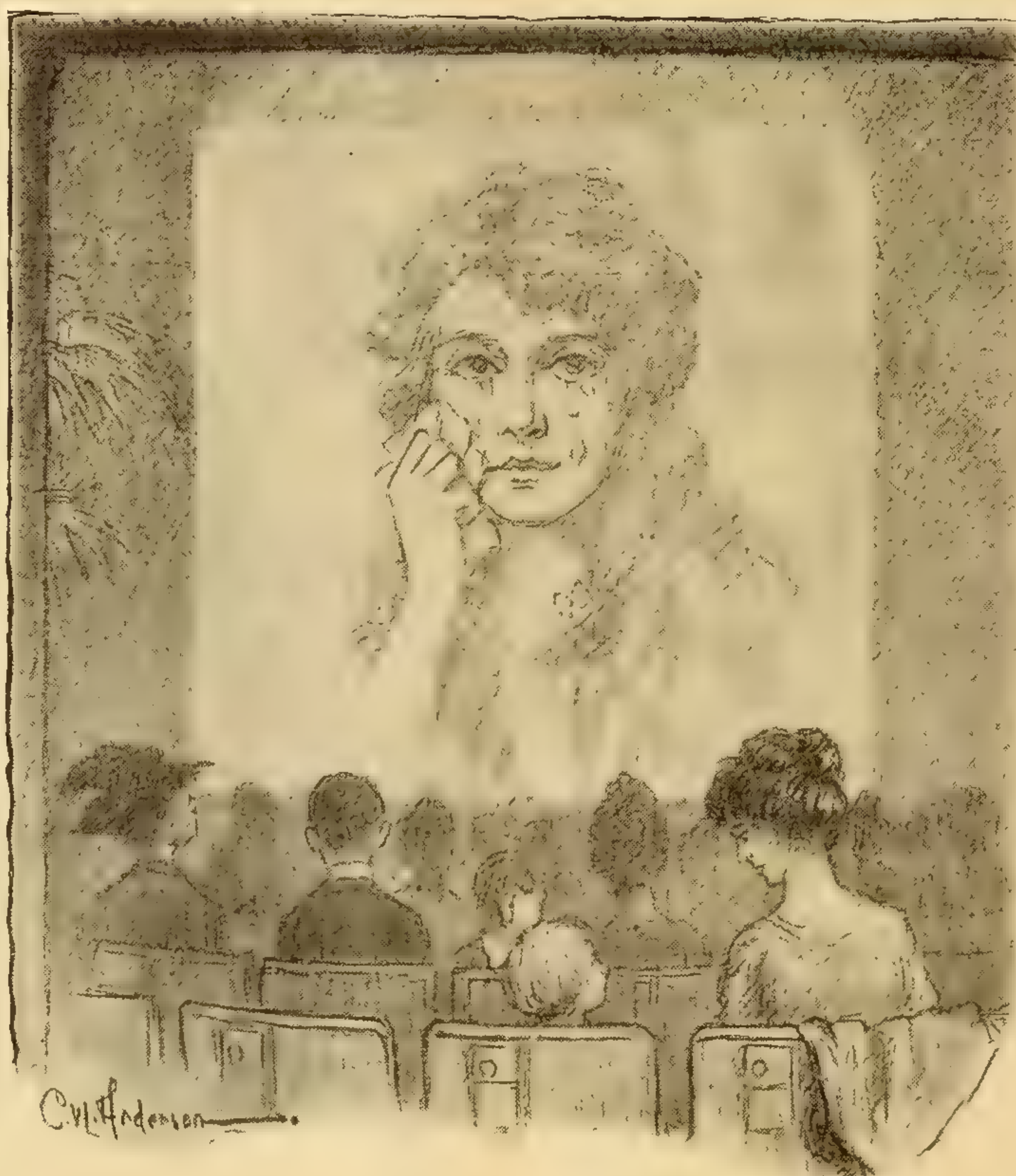
"And I tell you, Henry," continued Markowitz, after pausing to light one of his favorite Habanoras, "the movies ain't no more a special number, a luxury like *champanier* or finger bowls; they have become so necessary for life like bread and water and skoits"—

"And pinocle," added Henry, smiling.

"You laugh!" exclaimed Markowitz earnestly. "I'd like to see my kids let me live a minute if I didn't give them money for the movies. The big kids, too, want them woister than the little fellers. And for why not? It's good for them. Look! Before the movies commenced, married couples after supper used to pick up a paper for a while, then pick up a little *schmuess*, a talk about high-priced hats or low-life bosses, and by the end they would pick up an argument what would finish *oder* in broken crockery or in broken language, depending upon their nationality. What better could they do in the long nights?

But since the *picktches* commenced, couples are moving to the movies, prompt like they got a dispossess notice, right after finishing the dishes. Yes, the movies made a regela revolution in the life from people. Children what used to know notting but loaf and play, day and night, now"—

"Sure!" broke in Henry sarcastically. "Children what used to know notting but healthy play now know notting but photoplay. And kids now know more about what they oughtn't to know than what grandfathers wanted to know—from vampires to war brides. The best time from a boy's or a goil's life, what should be spent in the big outside with nature—running and jumping and catching—



Dorothy—Does she want a new hat too, Mamma?

they spend inside with *picktches* what shows life ten times wiser than what it really is. Married men with affinities, affinities with otomobiles, otomobiles with joy riders, and joy rides with married men."

"Henry," maintained Markowitz, "you're speeching like a regela preacher. Just like that young Mr. Greenfield, what I met in the winter country, and who's a good pinocle player in private, and a grand speaker against it when there's more than four hands. But you make an elephant from a peanut. All the *picktches* aren't like what you say—vampires and war brides. Take Charlie Chaplin for a sample. When I see him, I not only laugh myself, but I enjoy myself extra when I hear the way all the kids are laughing music in my ears. I tell you, boys wouldn't have one per cent. the fun playing tag like they have from Charlie Chaplin and"—

"Charlie Chaplin!" interrupted Henry satirically. "Since he walked into the movies, every boy in America stopped walking straight. Their ambitions to become bank presidents or college presidents or Washington presidents are out of style now like long skoits with big sleeves. All a young feller wants now is to duplicate Charlie and throw custard pies at stuck-up men with stove-pipes and pull chairs out of puffed-up ladies with diamonds. I ain't seen a boy yet what goes to school what can't repeat Chaplin's tricks better than the multiplication table and what don't know by heart the history of every movie queen, from the date of her last divorce to the age of her foist husband. Max, just for fun you ask your Lester when he comes back from the movies to tell you all he knows about that great young lady from history—Joan of Arc—and about that pretty young lady from the *picktches*—Mary Pickford. About the foist one, I bet you he'll be so quiet like Yom Kippur on Broadway; but when it will come to talk about Mary, he'll speak like a shipping cloik sent out on the road for a trial. Fine things they're loining from the movies!"

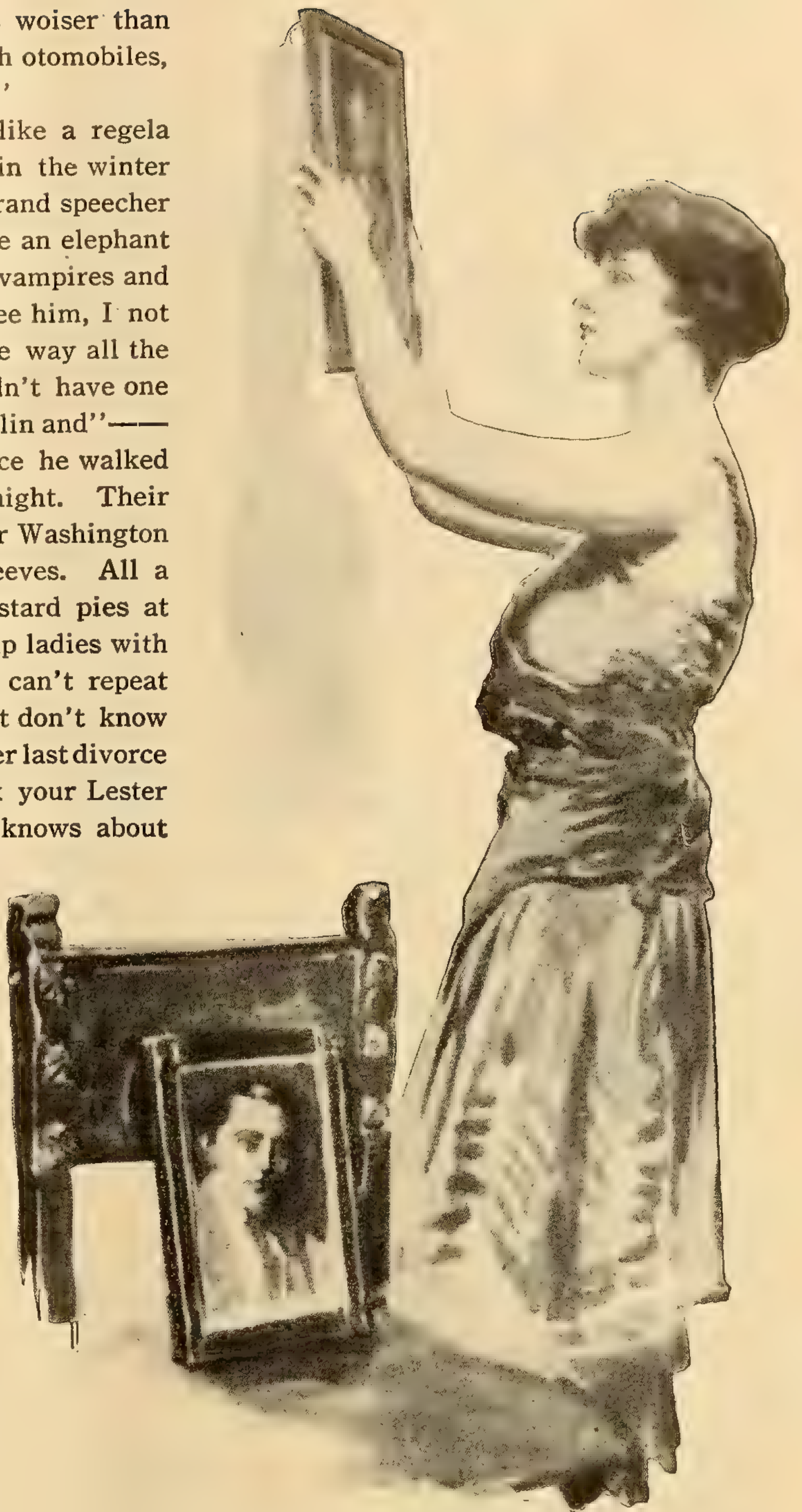
"And for mine part," argued Markowitz, "I would better get a smile from that sweet queen of the movies, what puts light into many dark hearts right now, than to loin all about leading ladies from a thousand years back. Henry, you can stand here and talk from now to the fall season, and you couldn't change me an inch from a movies booster to a *picktche* knocker. Look what them fillem theayters done for everybody, from the smallest countries to the biggest cities! They take a man what never went farer than Coney Island and travel him all over the Philippine Islands in a parle car seat, all for a nickel; and a farmer what's been dying to see life in New York sees Forty-second Street and Broadway for only a dime. As for the high life of them *picktche* actorkes, I tell you most of them lead a better life in private than what Sunday-school superintendents lead in public. And"— Here Markowitz stopped, for he heard his wife and children returning from the movies.

"Now I'll show you who's right!" whispered Henry to his brother-in-law in a tone of anticipated triumph. "I'll prove you that what I said before is so true like to-day is Sunday. I bet Lester and Florence don't know a button about that great young goil from historia what was a regela general and yet knows all about Mary"—

"Uncle Henry, Uncle Henry!" cried Lester, the younger of the two Markowitz children, suddenly jumping into the pinocle library, "we saw a peach of a picture in the movies!"

"Charlie Chaplin, of course," grunted Henry, in disgust.

"No, uncle, it was Joan of Arc!" denied Lester, followed by a continuous chuckle from his father and absolute silence from his uncle.



A MOVING PICTURE GIRL

Lovelorn

THE boy and girl sat close together. He spoke at last: "I—I've got something I must say—but, well, you know I'm not very strong on the poetic stuff, Thorma. I'd like to say this in classy language, you know, regular book language, like some fellows could; but—it doesn't seem to come easy, somehow. It's all in my heart, good and strong, this worship of mine, but I can't seem to express it the way I want to. Oh, Thorma dear, you know what I want!"

For a moment there was silence. The girl bit her lip and allowed a tiny frown of annoyance to wrinkle her brow.

"Yes, I know what you want," she said, "and I consent."

At the boy's cry of joy she put out her hand.

"Yes, I consent," she said, "but this will positively be the last love letter I'll write to Mary Pickford for you, my dear brother. Positively!"

C. C.



A MOVING PITCHER

Save the Thoughtless Dollars

"I got the sweetest hat today. And, my dear, of course, I didn't really need it, but—"

* * * *

"What if it is only a few blocks? Here, taxi!"

* * * *

"I know I'd feel a lot better if I ate less, but I simply must have a big order of—"

* * * *

Over there in the Picardy mud, pock-marked with significant craters and "plum-caked" with unspeakable things that once were men, our soldiers can't hear all that some of us are saying. Good that they can't, isn't it? It wouldn't make it any easier to stand firm against those blood-crazed, grey hordes who come on wave after wave because they believe their Kaiser is "God's anointed shepherd of the German people."

* * * *

It isn't that we Americans are a selfish people. We have simply been thoughtless.

Money is needed to win this war—let's give it. So far, we have been asked only to lend—to lend at a good round 4% interest. Turn your THOUGHTLESS dollars into War Savings Stamps.

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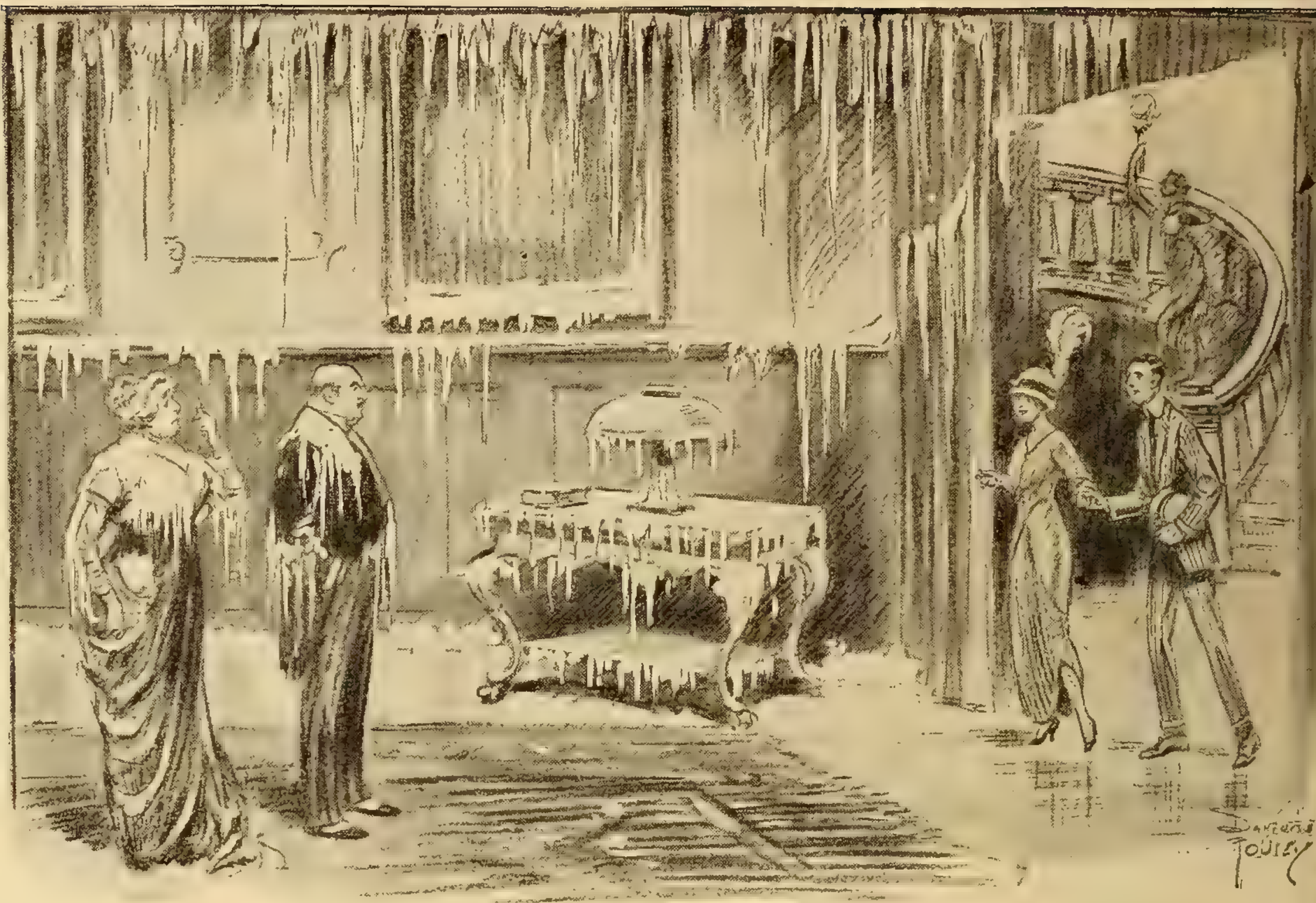
United States Gov't, Comm. on Public Information

This space contributed for the Winning of the War by

PUBLISHERS OF FILM FUN



Nuxated Iron increases strength and endurance of delicate, nervous, run-down people in two weeks' time in many instances. It has been used and endorsed by such men as Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, former Secretary of the Treasury and Ex-Governor of Iowa; Former United States Senator Richard Rolland Kenney of Delaware, at present Major of the U. S. Army; General John L. Clem (Retired), the drummer boy of Shiloh, who was sergeant in the U. S. Army when only 12 years of age; also United States Judge G. W. Atkinson of the Court of Claims of Washington, and others. Ask your doctor or druggist about it.



A FRIGID RECEPTION

Percy Spenderbilt brings home a wife from the ranks of the Vampires.

In Our Town

Vergil Thomson believes in the internal fitness of things. When a rain-storm showed on the screen the other night, he played "Little Drops of Water."

Hen Reardon says that the talk about the interest in moving pictures dyin' out is all bosh. He's been twice in the past week an' is thinkin' of goin' again Monday.

We mourn our loss. Ray Batchellor has left our town an' moved to an aristocratic neighborhood, where they charge ten cents for a nickel show an' get away with it.

Bee Hume went to the Empire Motion Picture Theatre last night an' found a lady's handkerchief. Now he's afraid he'll be arrested for carryin' away Annette Kellermann's wardrobe.

We're havin' a reg'lar epidemic. Doctor Cross advised that little Johnnie Craig be taken to moving pictures while he was convalescing from the measles, an' now every blamed kid in our town is sick.

Deacon Gubsing is mortally scared someone will carry him off for his

money, like they did Romain Fielding, in "The Mexican." Melvin Withers says he is afraid there ain't anyone in our town with enough public spirit to do that.

It pays to believe in signs. Pa Seemans sold the potato he's carried in his pocket for the last twenty years, to drive away rheumatism, for enough to buy a house an' lot, two eggs, three ounces of coal, an' still has enough left to take him to the picture show for the next ten years.

We're havin' so many improvements in our town that we're gettin' quite metropolluting. Adams has moved into a new drug store, the railroad has put new boards in their crossing, George Bryant has two new stools in his restaurant, an' the moving picture theatre has a new window in its ticket office, an' yet we ain't stuck up a mite.

Can You Imagine?

Flora Finch as *Juliet*?

Sidney Drew as *Romeo*?

Stuart Holmes as *Falstaff*?

Fay Tincher as *Evangeline*?

Roscoe Arbuckle as *Penrod*?

Douglas Fairbanks as *Hamlet*?

Marguerite Clark as *Cleopatra*?

Jane Lee as *Little Lord Fauntleroy*?

Francis X. Bushman as *Tom Sawyer*?

Mary Pickford as the *Witch of Endor*?

Any photoplay without the inevitable clasp-me, hug-me, kiss-me finis?

Voice Thrower
Learn to throw your voice into a trunk, under the bed, out in the hall or anywhere. Lots of FUN fooling the Teacher, the Janitor, Policeman, or Friends.

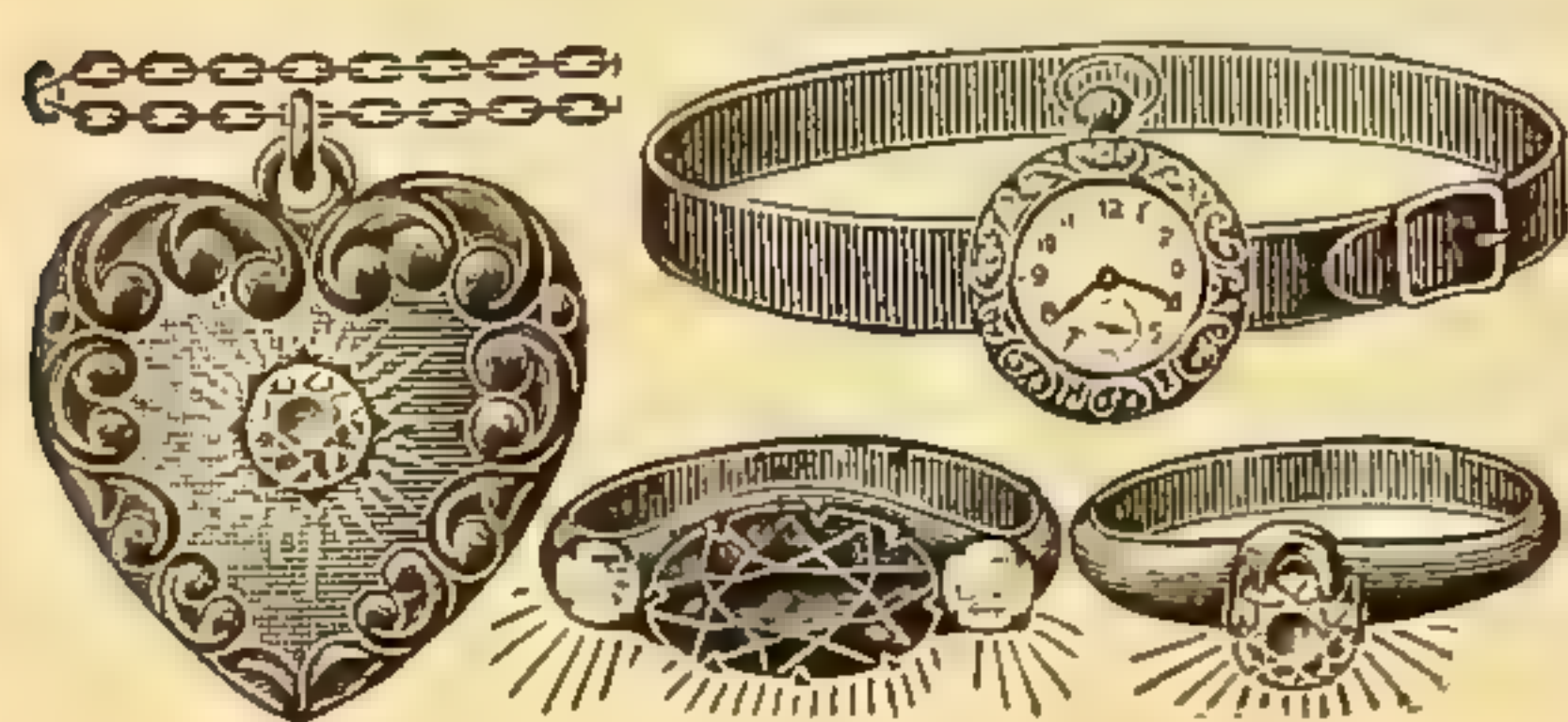
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You can have the same
LASHNEEN, a hair food, applied once each day, will absolutely produce thick and long eyebrows and eyelashes. Easy to apply—sure in results. Lashneen is an Oriental formula. One box is all you will need. Not sold at druggists. Mailed on receipt of 25c coin and 2c postage. LASHNEEN COMPANY, Dept. 25, Philadelphia

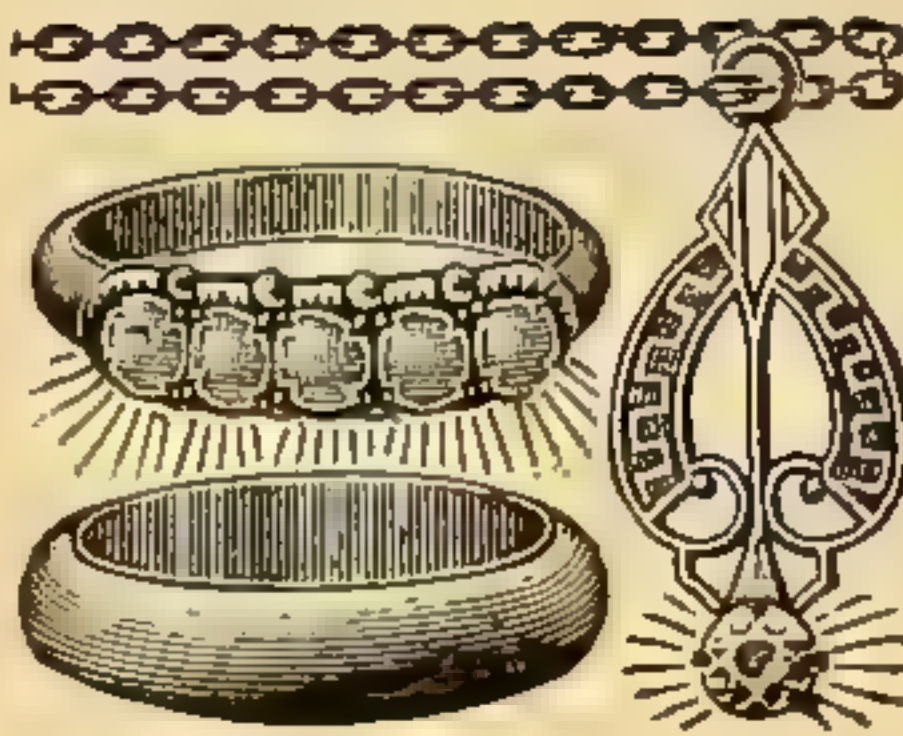
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METRO
Olive Tell, now engaged in making her first Metro picture, "Secret Strings." "Binkey" her pet Pomeranian takes a vivid interest in her appearance—and his own.

Who's Who and Where

Helen Keller has leased space in Paralta studios at Hollywood and is at work on a series of pictures which will be, in effect, an autobiography of this wonderful blind woman's life. Romance pales before the facts of her accomplishment. Miss Macy appears with her in the pictures.

The Division of Films of the Committee on Public Information will move on October 1st to new quarters in the building at 6 West Forty-eighth Street. The new location affords more commodious quarters for all departments than those now occupied in the Times Building.

The Division will have the fourth, sixth and seventh floors. The First National and Paralta are already domiciled in this building.

The Motion Picture War Service Association reports that several thousand dollars were realized from the masked ball at the Los Angeles Shrine Auditorium. Photoplayers are warm-hearted, generous, fun-loving and spendthrift, bless their hearts! and the building of a five-hundred-room hospital for the care of comrades, to be ready when the need arises and our own boys come back ill or wounded, appealed to them so that the dollars poured into the coffers of the committee.

W. S. Hart has discovered that a picture star's life is almost anything but a primrose path. In making "Shark Monroe" he went with his company up into the high Sierras, where the snow is deep, and from there out on the Pacific, where the water is deeper. A squall nearly wrecked their small craft, and Hart was sorry it didn't, for he found out he is not a good sailor. However, he overcame his anguish before the scenes were shot, so that all is well with the picture, but Hart vows that "never again" will he consent to ride a bucking ocean.

An exposition of the motion picture interests will be held in Madison Square Garden, October 5th to 13th. The moving motive for such a gathering is the purpose of this great industry to render itself 100 per cent. effective in win-the-war undertakings.

Demonstration of all the latest devices in projection will be offered for the consideration of exhibitors, and for the general public there will be a miniature motion picture studio, in which pictures will be made in order that visitors may learn, if they will, a few of the mysteries of the photoplay.

Many stars from West Coast studios will probably be in attendance what time they can spare from their work for the Liberty Loan.

Educational Films Corporation of



METRO
HALL PHOTO
Naomi Childers, supporting Ethel Barrymore in the screen presentation of "Lady Frederick." "Yaphank," the Pekinese, is instrumental in bringing about a reconciliation between the estranged sisters.

27 Years the Enemy of Pain

AK HEADACHE TABLETS

10¢  25¢
FAC-SIMILE

For **Headaches,**
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Pain! No Matter Where

Ask Your Druggist For A-K Tablets
See Monogram **AK** on the Genuine
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into the cellar. Under the bed or anywhere.
The **Ventrilo** which fits into the mouth, will enable you to fool all your friends. **10 cts** by mail. with instructions. **ARDEE Pub. Co.** Box N Stamford Conn.



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A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at druggists.





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THE HANDLE is guaranteed to be made from wood of the house in Canada in which Mary Pickford was born and spent her girlhood. A Lucky Piece, the envy of all your friends, a magnetic charm, a treasured keepsake, an inspiration, a close association with filmdom's most winsome, beautiful, lovable, dainty Star, Mary Pickford.

Manicure File, 50c.; Cuticle Knife, 50c.; Button Hook, 50c. Set of 3, \$1.00. All handles guaranteed genuine. Address: HANDCRAFT, Dept. A, Allentown, Pa.

DIAMOND CUT 4 RINGS	YOUR BIRTHSTONE
FREE	SIGNET-YOUR INITIAL
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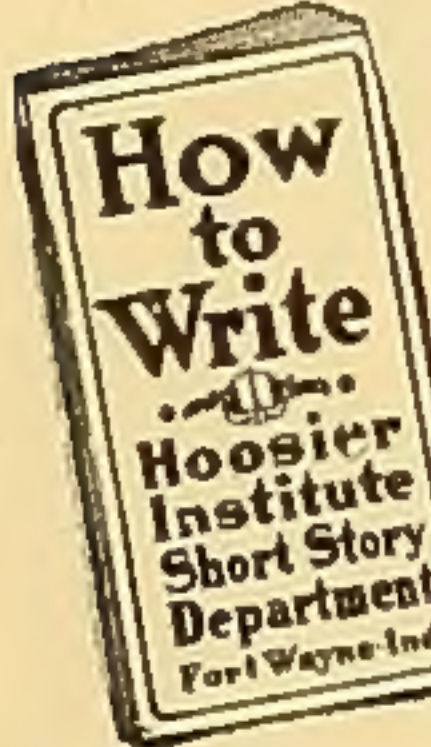
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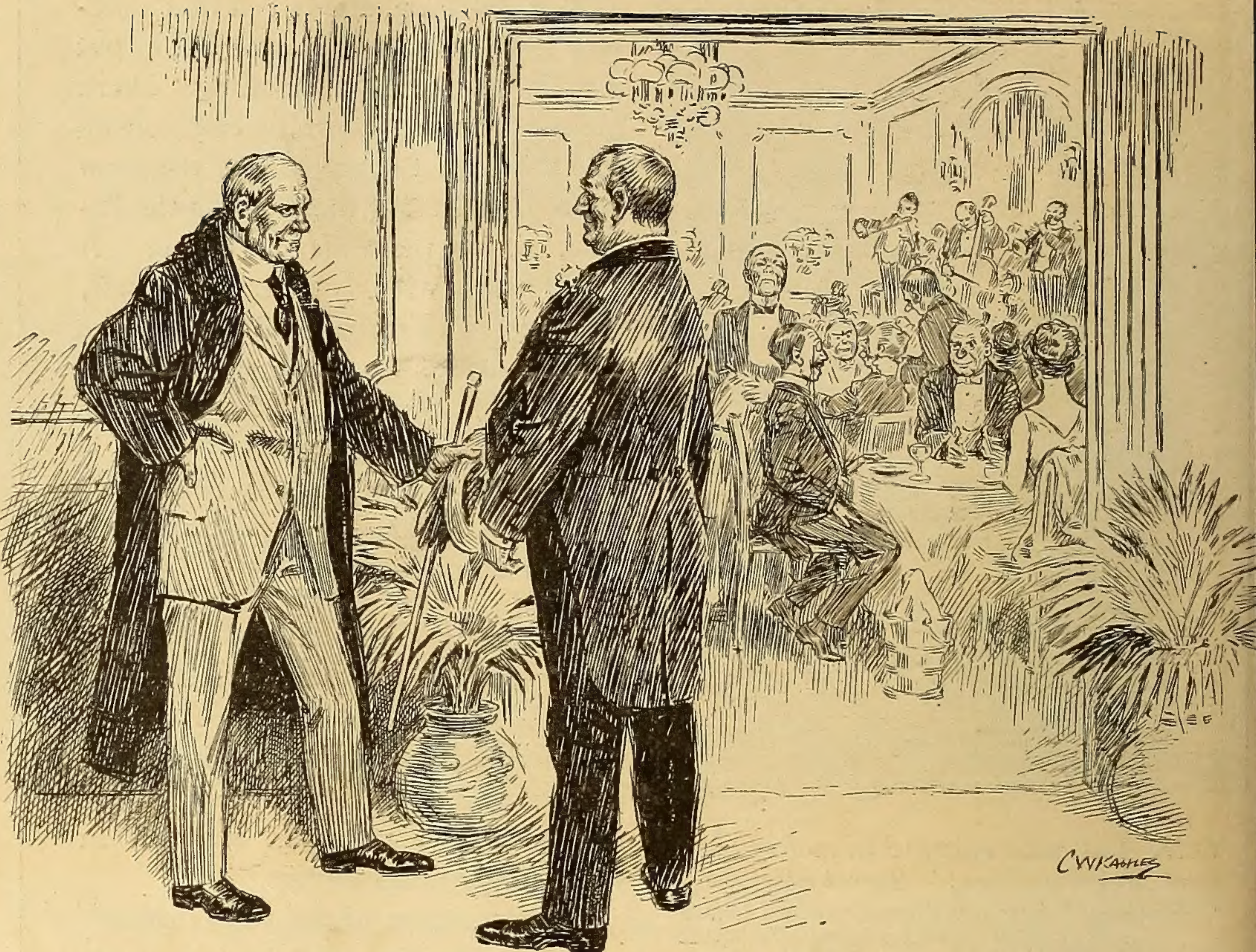
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MORE PERILOUS

Friend—Any innovations in your Uncle Tom's Cabin film?

Producer—Oh, yes! Instead of having Eliza escape by crossing the river on the floating ice cakes, we have her escape by crossing Broadway at Forty-second Street.

America has contracted with E. M. Newman for the release of thirty travel subjects during the next twelve months. The pictures will be booked in first-class moving picture theaters in the United States, Canada, Mexico, South America and all of the European countries, for Newman has visited every habitable part of the globe during his ten years of travel, and his pictures are rare and unusual.

This new departure will in no way interfere with Mr. Newman's regular annual series of Traveltalks. He will travel five months each year in search of new impressions and up-to-date scenes for his many "fellow-travelers," most of whom must do their adventuring by way of the silver sheet.

A new service flag with eleven stars was recently hoisted to the peak over

the Rolin studios in Los Angeles. Players and studio workers who have gone to the colors are Herbert Brodie, Naval Reserve; "Slim" Voorhies, Coast Artillery; J. B. Roach, with the 47th Regiment, now "over there"; Walter L. Adams, acrobatic actor, Aviation Corps; "Sandy" Roth, U. S. N.; Clyde Hopkins, now in France with the Signal Corps; Lige Cromley, government school for gasoline engines; Ray Kellerman, now in France with Engineer Corps; Charles Stevenson, Camp Kearney; Joe Matice, U. S. Aviation timber cruiser; Max D. Hamberger, cook at the Presidio.

The Child in Back of You

(Continued from page 5)

the big rats eat her up? Could rats really swim like that, mamma? Could they?"

(Reply incoherent.)

"But I don't understand. Why didn't the man with the earrings kill her, mamma? Wasn't his knife sharp enough? Mamma! I say, wasn't his knife sharp enough?"

(Reply apparently unbelievable.)

"But does she always escape, mamma? Aren't they ever going to kill her?"

(Reply discouraging.)

"Why not, mamma?"

Editorial Note.—There are two endings to this. Early movies, it ends around nine o'clock. Late movies, about eleven.

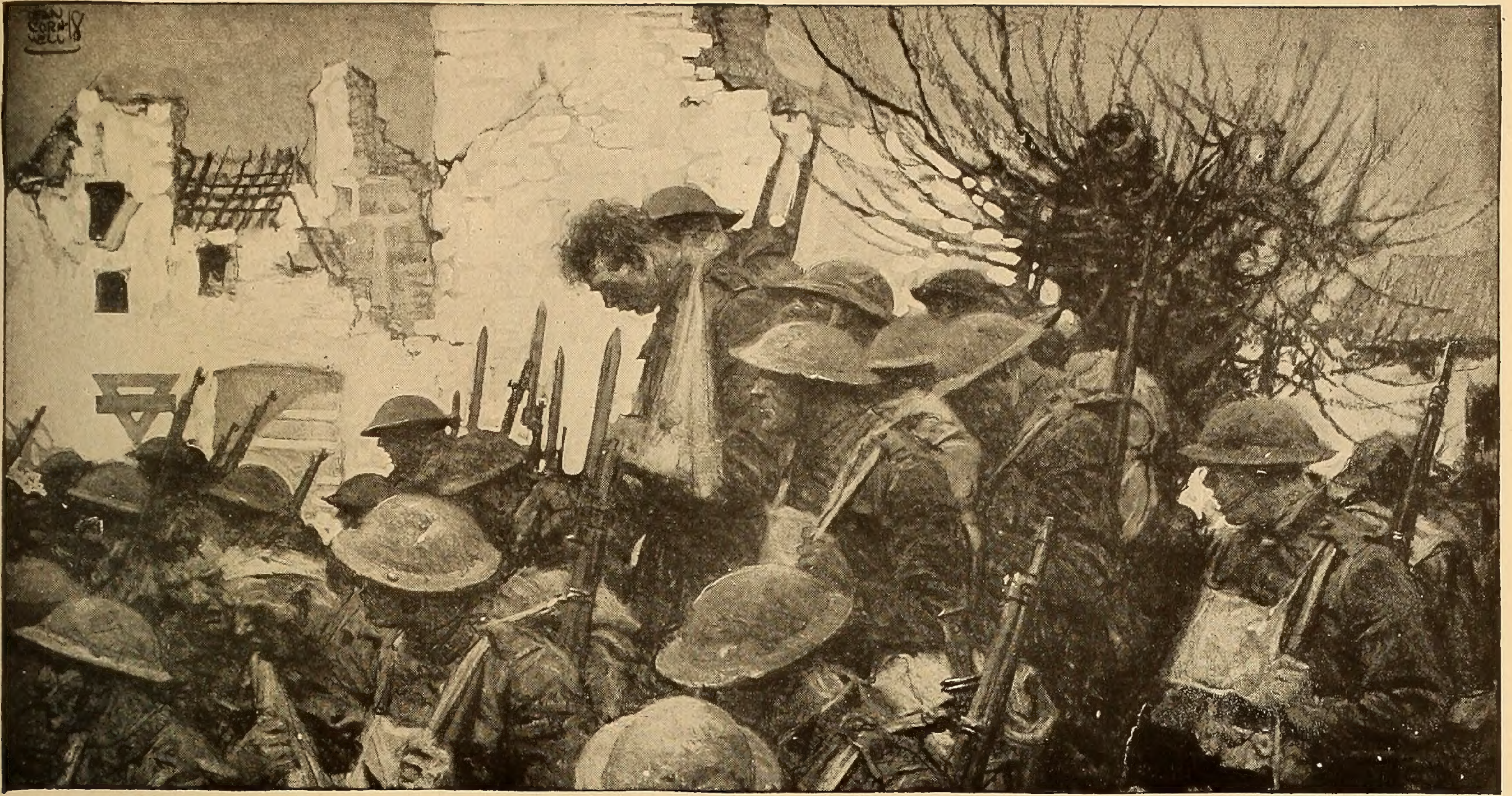
After the Movies
Rest Assured—

Faultless

SINCE 1881

Pajamas

"The NIGHTwear of a Nation!"



Out of the Mouth of Hell

our boys come, nerve-racked, tense, exhausted by their sleepless vigil and harassed with tragic memories.

Rest they will have, but rest is not re-creation. Mind must relax as well as body. They must forget awhile, must turn their thoughts into their normal course before facing anew the horrors of the first-line trenches.

Courage they have always, but we can put fresh heart into them; we can restore the high spirits of youth and send them singing into the fray.

They Are Fighting for You—Show Your Appreciation

When you give them arms, you give them only the instruments of your own defense; when you give for the wounded, you give only in common humanity; but when you give to the Y. M. C. A., you are extending to the boys the warm hand of gratitude, the last token of your appreciation of what they are doing for you. You are doing this by showing your interest in their welfare.

The Y. M. C. A. furnishes to the boys, not only in its own "huts"—which are often close to the firing line—but in the trenches,

the material and intangible comforts which mean much to morale. It furnishes free entertainment back of the lines. It supplies free writing paper and reading matter. It conducts all post exchanges, selling general merchandise without profit. It has charge of and encourages athletics, and conducts a "khaki college" for liberal education. Its religious work is non-sectarian and non-propagandist. It keeps alive in the boys "over there" the life and the spirit of "over here."

GIVE NOW—BEFORE THEIR SACRIFICE IS MADE



Seven allied activities, all endorsed by the Government, are combined in the United War Campaign, with the budgets distributed as follows: Y. M. C. A., \$100,000,000; Y. W. C. A., \$15,000,000; National Catholic War Council (including the work of the Knights of Columbus and special war activities for women), \$30,000,000; Jewish Welfare Board, \$3,500,000; American Library Association, \$3,500,000; War Camp Community Service, \$15,000,000; Salvation Army, \$3,500,000.



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United States Gov't Committee on Public Information

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Violin
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Clarinet
Harp
Saxophone



Cornet
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